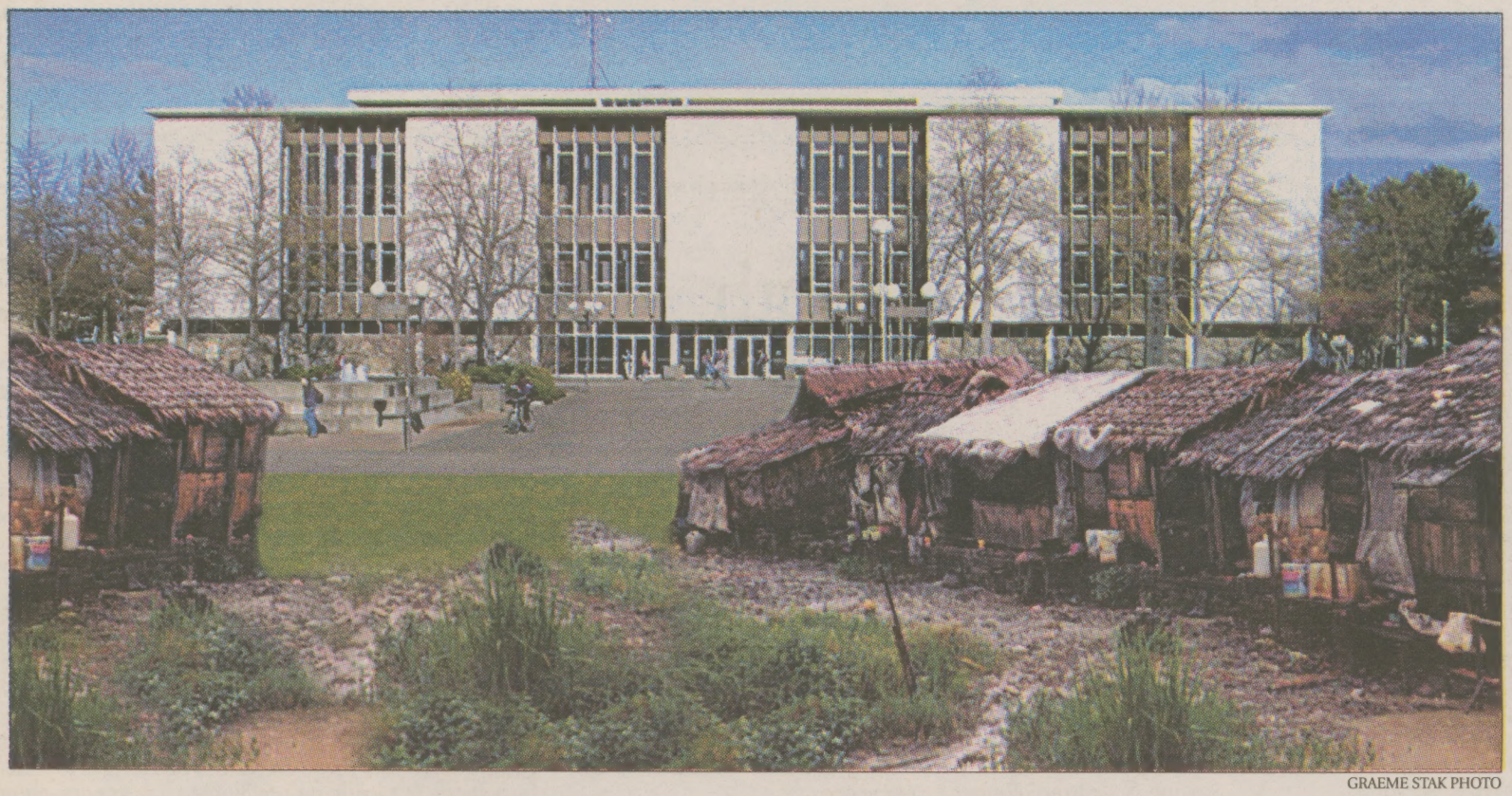
SPECIAL 12-PAGE PULLOUT: The University of Victoria's beloved publication: *the Martlet*

THE GLOBE AND MARTLET

UVIC'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER ■ FOUNDED 1948 ■ MARTLET.CA ■ THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 2004



GRAEME STAK PHOTO

Arts and Humanities students were relocated to this hastily constructed shantytown after the Clearihue building was condemned last week.

Clearihue condemned

BY DUKE ZIMMERMAN

After decades of neglect, the Clearihue clocktower finally collapsed last week. As a result, the entire building has been condemned and the Arts and Humanities programs have been relocated to a shantytown on the quadrangle lawn.

"That building has been a hazard for years," said university spokesperson Bruce Kilpattipitts. "Students and faculty have been asking for new facilities. This was the best we could come up with."

Kilpattipitts said the shantytown, a sprawling mess of tents and crude shacks hastily salvaged from construction of the new Island Medical Facilities building, is modeled after last year's Peace Camp and tree-sit.

"These kids, especially those in the Environmental Studies department, have demonstrated an ability to fend for themselves and create their own dwellings," he said. "We figured it was best to let nature take its course."

The shantytown has spilled over into Cunningham Woods, where Folklore and Mythology students have spearheaded the construction of an Ewok-style village in the trees and are working on an underground tunnel system of human-sized Hobbit holes.

The Clearihue building, one of the oldest on campus, was undergoing renovations when the BC Liberals' new budget was released last month. Changes to university funding requirements forced money being used to fix it to go towards widening the hallways in the new Engineering Building instead.

"It's great to finally see these funds going where they're needed most," said Engineering Society Club president Abraham Knob, staring down at the squalor from a large air-conditioned classroom atop the Engineering Lab Wing.

"I mean, how much can it cost to study a bunch of books and made-up shit? All you really need is a roof over your head . . . well, I guess now we've proved you don't even need that."

Students are making the best of the situation. Fifth-year English major Skipper Robson, sitting under a canvas tarp stretched between two trees at the edge of the woods, says he welcomes the opportunity.

"I'm studying *The Grapes Of Wrath* right now," he said as he sliced an onion with a jackknife for a large pot of soup cooking over a barrel fire.

"It's all coming true."

Over by the Petch Fountain, where a group of bearded, scraggly-haired students were busy bathing and washing their clothes with homemade soap, Greek and Roman studies major Josiah Johanson agreed.

"There's already talk of switching to a toga-based dress code," she said, scrubbing a pair of socks on one of the large rocks. "Soon they'll have us writing on tree-bark notebooks."

Plans to build a railroad system and boxcars so students can hop freight trains to get to class were unconfirmed as of press time.

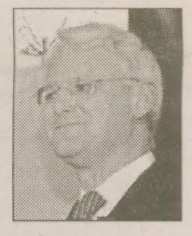
Premier lowers tuition fees after protest

'I just didn't know anyone had a problem with it!'

BY DUKE ZIMMERMAN

In a surprise move yesterday, B.C. Premier Jordan Campbell agreed to lower university tuition fees by 70 per cent and reinstate the 1995 tuition freeze after news of student protests reached his ears.

"I was shocked to learn there was a problem here," he told reporters at an emotionally charged press conference in Victoria. "If only someone had told me people weren't happy about the tuition hikes, these past three years of conflict—which I'm only now becoming aware of—could have been avoided."



Premier Jordon Campbell apologizes to students.

Intrigued when an old flyer announcing the Feb. 4 rally to reduce tuition fees blew in through his office window and landed on his desk one afternoon, Campbell decided to investigate further.

After reading several articles on *The Tyee* and the *Victoria Indymedia* websites, awareness slowly dawned on him that his government's policies were causing financial difficulties for British Columbians.

Enraged that the truth of his electorate's will had been kept from him, he fired Finance Minister Tom Collins and Education Minister Sherri Blond, vowing to "rid the Legislature of sycophants and yes-men."

The Premier claimed to have uncovered "a vast network of PR hacks, spin doctors and communications consultants" who kept news from him by filtering e-mail and phone calls, clipping stories about the rallies from newspapers before he read them, and ensuring that his schedule kept him away from the Legislature on protest days.

"I was totally in the dark on this one," he said, shaking his head in anguish. "I read the newspapers when I can, and I rely on my staff to fill me in on the rest. When they don't . . . Damn it, this is no way to run a province!" he suddenly shouted, banging his fist down on the table.

"It only makes me wonder what else the people of British Columbia might be angry about that I haven't heard of. God, I hope this tuition thing is the only one."

Finance minister tells working forest to get a job

BY WARREN RICHNICA

British Columbia's stumbling economy and stagnant job growth can be laid at the roots of a "lazy, defeatist" attitude among the trees of B.C.'s forests, according to provincial finance minister Tom Collins.

"We weren't kidding when we introduced working forest legislation," Collins said. "We honestly expected these trees to get jobs.

"What with the six dollar training wage and a retail sector crying out for cheap labour, I thought for sure we'd be entering a new era of employment for B.C.'s forests."

See LAZY on page A2

WARREN RICHNICA PHOTO

Forced into menial labour, a tree pleads for change from finance minister Tom Collins

Llamas attacking their owners

Fearful people no longer know what to do. Much running away, flailing and screaming. **A17**

Lice problematic

Reminiscent of elementary school newsletters, UVic has recently become the latest target of these wretched little creatures. **B5**

Stores confused

Lint has been pouring from a variety of items normally stocked in stores, but not associated with bits of fabric. **C3**

Saliva bad for health

Bacteria buildup causing many infections **A4**

Full index, page R3

Weather: What crazy antics will Mother Nature come up with next? **S4**

Sports: Go team, go. **S9**

Letter from the editor

Here|now
THOM JOHNSON

Oh boy, are we ever great!

That's the conclusion I came to as I strolled to the offices of The Globe and Martlet this morning. Sometimes it's pretty tough not to wallow in your own success.

Tough, but not impossible.

This week we deployed a crack team of reporters to discover what's hip with the youngsters today. The answers were startling.

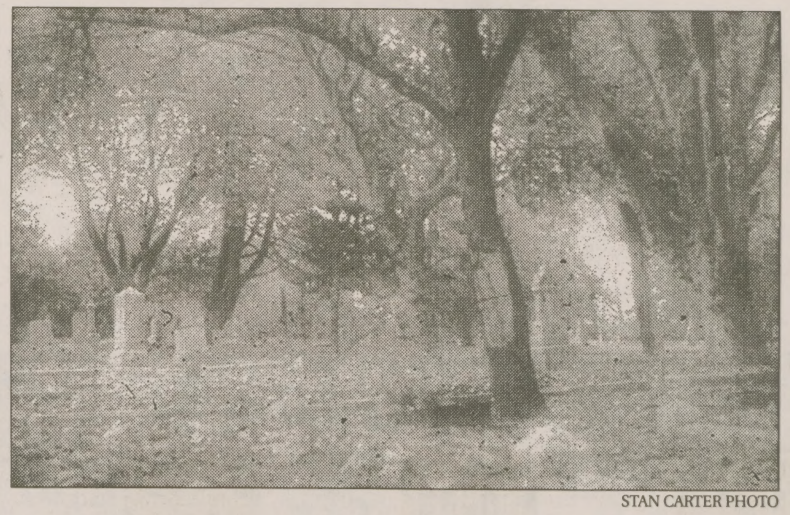
Who knew that graveyards have become the next big hangout for this nation's youth? Or that New Kids on the Block will be the next big thing in music?

This week's issue also provides unexpected insights into tomorrow's medical breakthroughs. After reading the latest story by our health reporter, Norman Ed Bastardville, I know I'll think twice before I salivate again.

Another top reporter, Warren Richnica, was once a wandering street tramp before I befriended him in Peru during one of my many hot air balloon trips around the world. He's been at my side ever since, first as our sports editor and now as a trusted political correspondent. Provided I can pry that bottle of rum from his hands, I can always trust him to file stories that bring to life the abstract forces that shape our world. Take his story on a bloodthirsty, baby-eating manifestation of tuition fees on A3, for instance.

Speaking of stories, did I mention all the awards we've won? Close your eyes and imagine the biggest number in the world. Now times that by 10. No, we still have even more than that. It's unbelievable.

It's a tough job, having our finger constantly on the pulse of the nation. But if we don't search for signs of life, who will?



STAN CARTER PHOTO

Everybody loves being in the graveyard. Its ominous glow provides youth with that which they lack most: integrity.

Popular new youth hangout proves deadly

BY STAN CARTER

Graveyards are no longer just for the dead. Students and other youngsters have discovered that they can be wonderful places to pass the time.

"When I was little, they creeped me out," says Helga Smythe, "but now I love to go to these repositories of dead bodies and frolic about most joyously with all my closest friends."

Ms. Smythe is far from alone in her sentiments. A recent study has shown that the number of people in a graveyard at any one time has nearly tripled once every five months for the past six years. Contrarily, the number of mourners has dropped to an all-time low.

Many experts are alarmed at these trends. They say that if all the living spend their time in areas designated for the dead, they will never have time to enjoy their lives.

Moreover, the deceased have been launching many complaints about the excessive noise and disruptions that the unruly youngsters cause.

"Back in my day, we feared the 'great beyond' and would flee from any place even remotely assiociated with the non-living," says Boris Smoth, a former inhabitant of this plane of existence.

Mr. Smoth blames the changes on popular culture and how it has infused the brains of young people with romanticized images of zombies and other creatures.

"Such unrealistic portrayals they are," exclaims Mr. Borth at a meeting of the former living held last week in the city's largest cemetary.

Lazy trees put to work

FINANCE *from page A1*

Unfortunately for Collins, that just hasn't been the case. According to L. Sing Jobs, a statistician with the ministry of Human resources, not a single tree filed an income tax return last year, suggesting the working forest is hardly working at all.

Jobs however pointed to a number of mitigating factors, suggesting that forest fires and the pine beetle epidemic may be slowing job growth in the forests.

Collins, however, is having none of it. "You can play the blame game all you want, but until the trees of this province learn to help themselves by getting into the cities, getting trained and joining the millions of British Columbians embracing the new era by working hard and paying taxes, our economy will never get out of the woods."

Jade Cats, chairperson of the Students' Union of UVic (SUUV), reacted angrily to Collins' announcement.

"The fact is most of these trees come from lower income forests," she said, "and, in many cases, they are trying to raise saplings of their own while going to school. By driving up tuition costs the Luberal party has made it almost impossible for working class forests to get an education. And it's just laughable they are now being told to go out and join the work force."

Collins later told reporters that if the trees continued to refuse employment he would import job creation specialist and Alberta Premier Rolf Klang to deal with the problem.

"Premier Klang has an iron clad approach to job creation," Collins said. "It includes, among other things, getting drunk and throwing money at the trees followed by a series of mostly unintelligible admonitions about laziness. The entire process culminates in Kang vomiting on the trees roots and then soiling himself while passed out on the forest floor."

While Collins' plan to have the working forest work isn't quite working yet, he did express optimism for the future. "Unlike our socialists friends in the opposition, the BC Luberal party understands that trees — old growth, second growth and even bushes and shrubs — can bear economic fruit for this province."

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Intrepid reporter discovers secret raw logs exports

BY IVAN HUGGATREE

Raw B.C. logs are being secretly shipped into the United States via a pipe extending into Juan de Fuca Strait, according to Victoria municipal workers.

The leaked information adds fuel to contentions put forth by B.C. environmental and labour activists who claim that too many raw logs are being exported from B.C. without first being processed.

Municipal workers say the raw logs are collected beneath the city of Victoria and then flushed through a drainage pipe aimed at Washington State.

Last year British Columbia reported that 40,000 raw log exports to the United States, but with the uncovering of the secret exporting pipe, this reporter believes that number to be much higher.

The Globe and Martlet has also learned that logs exported through the pipe differ from the old-growth cedar, fir and spruce exported over water by barge or tug. "Look, I think you're getting confused here," said district technical developing engineer officer Matt Feekal. "We're talking two different kind of logs." This startling admission can only mean that the province has an elaborate system transporting interior lodge pole pine to Victoria, from where they float, unbeknownst to beach-goers, out to markets in the States.

Minister of Forests Mike de Bong evaded all questions on the matter, reverting instead to personal insults.

"You're an idiot," he said when asked if he stood to personally benefit from the secret raw log exports taking place underneath Victoria city manholes. "You're just absolutely clueless aren't you?" he said. In a cruel showing of this government's arrogance, de Jong referred me to district sewage manager Thomas Crapper.

Barred from open admissions of government impropriety, this reporter descended below the streets of Victoria to find more proof of these startling charges. Alas, someone had been forewarned.

Beneath a downtown manhole, there was little more than a slow-running brown, smelly stream, possibly used to float the unprocessed logs out to sea. But this intrepid investigative reporter will not be deterred. The foul stench of government corruption will be smoked out eventually.

Tuition fees ate my baby

'This type of thing happens all the time.'

The tuition fee beast with the hapless child in its maw.

BY WARREN RICHNICA

Critics of the Students Union of UVic's (SUUV) campaign against rising tuition fees were silenced this week after the fees, until now an abstract threat, coalesced into a physical demon and ate a child playing in the grass by the Fine Arts building.

The monster was apparently summoned from an alternate universe after SUUV Director of Academia Scotch Paine led a continuous 17 day chant of "down with fees" on the concrete outside the Clearihue building.

According to Professor D. S. Aunders, from the department of parapsychology, the combination of ritual chanting and the almost constant negative vibes coming from the students and professors in adjacent classrooms, created a potent supernatural stew powerful enough to summon the tuition beast from a land beyond the pale.

"It's actually quite like Ghostbusters," Aunders said. "This type of thing happens all the time. A couple of years back a Federation of Canadian Students conference accidently summoned the ghost of former Prime Minister John Diefenbaker. Everything went well until they fed him Jello shooters. Then he started floating around and sliming everybody."

Witnesses described the beast as being about five feet ten inches tall with short, impeccably gelled hair. It's torso and legs were covered in a sweater and tight jeans combo described by one witness as "very preppy."

The fevered demon was being prodded in its rage by a rocket-riding effigy with a pale white oversized head and a permanently smarmy grin.

Once summoned, the fees rampaged across campus, extracting an ever increasing levy from unfortunate students. Eventually, not sated by the impoverished youths left in its wake, the fees drifted towards the grassy area of campus adjacent to the Fine Arts building.

Disaster struck when a child, apparently wandering home from Campus View Elementary school, wandered into the beast's path.

The maddened fees immediately set upon the child

"O my God, it ate my baby . . . Tuition fees ate my baby," shouted the child's mother as she stood and watched, helpless.

"It looked like Jurassic Park," said one horrified onlooker.

Facilities Management eventually arrived at the scene with proton packs and a ghost trap, but by that time the demon had moved on.

Most student representatives reacted to the threat by stringing garlic around the SUB to ward away the bloodthirsty fees, but SUUV executive Erik Gretel warned that defeating the threat will not be so easy.

"Sooner or later we have to realize that the tuition fee monster isn't an actual creature," Gretel said. "The monster lives within each of us. We are the monster.

"So, then, we ate the baby."

Single moms thank Campbell

Single parents grateful that their children can finally go to work and be put to good use

BY LANA LATUZZI

One year ago, single mother Joan Sharque was exhausted from working 18 hour days at three different jobs just to feed her four kids. Now the power-mom has time to relax thanks to some revised child labour legislation courtesy of the BC Liberal government.

"These past few months have been heaven, relatively speaking," said Sharque, referring to the four months since Bill 37 allowed her kids, ages four, six and 11, to work full-time. "Little Jimmy loves it down at the mill. He skips school just to take double-shifts so he can mop up at night and collect the fallen change."

Since Bill 37 Sharque has cut her work week down to 100 hours, she now has time visit two food banks a month, instead of one.

"It feels good to take a load off. It's really helped me mentally," said Sharque, who has reduced her use of anti-depressants and sleeping aids by 25 per cent.

But Sharque isn't entirely pleased with the provincial government. She said their decision to lower the minimum wage to six dollars an hour is unfair.

"For my precious Suzie to be cutting meat all day at Saferway, she should be getting at least $7.50. She doesn't get meals or breaks, and for a six-year-old, not being able to pee until your shift's over is really hard," said Sharque.

Premier Jordon Campbell said he is working out the kinks in regulating the legislation to make sure kids are not being taken advantage of.

"Kids want to work, plain and simple. Why should we deny a human being the right to make a living just because he or she can't read yet, or hasn't gone through puberty?" said Campbell. "Just look at all the kids in Taiwan and Indonesia working away and having a blast while at it."

Campbell was initially under criticism from children's rights groups when he brought in the legislation.

They said Bill 37 allowed kids to be taken advantage of and takes away their right to focus on education and healthy playtime. But Sharque disagrees, "My kids are happy to work and help out the family. Yeah, so they end up working unpaid overtime, miss school and have developed emotional problems from abusive bosses — but what's the alternative?"

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Berlin University makes medical breakthrough

Health Watch

NORMAN ED BASKERVILLE

A new medical report from Berlin's Ferwhaitswerth University (FU) warns that clusters of cells called acini, which commonly reside in the human mouth, can cause stomach cancer.

Dr. Bengwa Bawlls, the head researcher at FU's renowned Science Practitioners Institute of Technology (SPIT), hails the report's findings as almost the first major medical breakthrough of the new millennium.

"Although the world's major medical associations have not returned our calls, I'm confident that our comprehensive four-page data analysis will stand up to scrutiny."

During an intensive three-week study, Bawlls and his hard working staff discovered that acini cells secrete fluids that contain water, electrolytes, mucus and various enzymes, all of which regularly flow out of the acinus and into collecting ducts.

"The repetitive ingestion of high concentrations of these secretions irritates the stomach lining. And our studies indicate that these cells could cause gastric cancer in a hypothetical population," said Bawlls.

Incredibly, SPIT assistant researcher Taint Brauwneye, who works directly under Bawlls, said that because acini secretions are produced in the oral cavity at an alarmingly constant rate there is no way to completely prevent swallowing for those at risk.

"We're working on a cure, but so far our proposed, untested treatments have only resulted in other more serious theoretical problems," said Brauwneye.

Secretion flow can diminish considerably during the sleeping state. However, this results in populations of bacteria to build up in the mouth, often leading to chronic halitosis. As well, Brauwneye said that attempts to restrict secretion seemed to directly affect food digestion.

"We're really at a loss here. But we're confident that our hard work will save lives as soon as someone gets sick," said Bawlls.

Not everyone in the medical research community, however, considers Bawlls and Brauwneye's research to be scientifically valid.

Laya Mannieknobs, a Human Anatomy professor at Victoria's John Thompson high school, disagrees with SPIT.

"Its easy to be convinced by their statistical evidence, but remember stats are just numbers, and math is not science," said Mannieknobs.

In his class, Mannieknobs said, he teaches children to be skeptical of reports that claim to uncover new information.

"If SPIT is so sure that acini cells, or salivation glands as we anatomy specialists refer to them, cause stomach cancer, why haven't they conducted a controlled experiment on actual people?"

Bawlls and Brauwneye are used to such criticism. Last year, the health community dismissed another study by them, which tried to prove that people with blue eyes are more susceptible to depression than pink-eyed albinos.

"We were devastated by their jealous hostility. We just want to help people, but sometimes philanthropists are spat on," said Bawlls.

Currently, the researchers at SPIT have recommended that the United Nations develop a worldwide acini cell secretion awareness campaign.

Candidate for chair claims years as Columbian drug mule 'part of his personal life'

BY RICHARD MORTICA

Austin Renault, the changing students candidate for the Union of UVic Students (UUVS) chair, refuses to deny rumours that he has spent much of the past four years as a drug mule for the Bonanza Columbian Liberal drug cartel, saying that, if true, such activities would be part of his "personal life" and thus "not relevant to the campaign."

The issue came to light when posters appeared across campus that showed Renault standing behind noted kingpin Garcia Collinsa at a recent Cartel event. Emblazoned above the picture were the words "vote no to drug mule Austin Renault, and the Changing Students slate."

Renault reacted furiously to the posters but refused to deny the allegations.

"Look, the fact that I spent four years of my life ferrying bricks of cocaine over the U.S. border in my rectum is just plain irrelevant to this campaign," Renault said.

"Should I win the election and become UUVS chair I promise the voters that I will not spend their time on illicit drug-related activities."

When pressed, however, Renault refused to rule out the possibility that he would spend non-work time as a drug mule.

"Monday to Friday, nine a.m. to five p.m., I will be in my office working for students. Outside of that is my personal time, and if I choose to spend that time providing Columbian entrepreneurs with a business service, that's my choice," he said.

Placing Students Foremost chair candidate Joan Graves ridiculed Renault's vacillation, arguing that while she too is a drug mule for the Nationalist Drug Placers, she is proud of the fact and perfectly willing to admit it.

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General manager to finally buy pants that fit

STAN CARTER PHOTO

Barne Hansen (centre) has long been known to don pants far shorter than those of the average student.

BY JEAN GEOFF RICARD

Barne Hansen, Student Union Building (SUB) general manager, plans to use her new $20,000 raise to finally purchase full-length, properly fitting pants.

Hansen's slacks are all uniformly hemmed several inches above her ankles. She has been wearing the improperly fitted "short" pants since an unusual growth spurt in her late teens left her with a collection of knickerbockers four inches too short.

"The chance to finally own some legwear of appropriate length after nearly a decade of awkward, cold suffering is a relief," she said while sitting on a chair by the Munchie Bar, a position she will soon be able to enjoy without having to expose her upper calves to the entire building.

Capris may have been a flash in the pan in the world of fashion, but Hansen's pants have endured beyond the memory of most. For years, workers and regulars who inhabit the SUB believed the short pants were her form of tribute to a line in Bob Dylan's folk-rock classic *Subterranean Homesick Blues*: "Ahhhh, get born, keep warm / Short pants, romance, learn to dance / Get dressed, get blessed / Try to be a success."

But those closest to Hansen insist there are far more sinister machinations behind her wardrobe than a whimsical throwback to 1960s counterculture. Rumours are spreading that she plans to institute a dress code forcing all other SUB workers to wear short pants, stipulating that she is now the only one allowed to wear properly fitted trousers.

"If she tries it, there'll be a revolt," said longtime SUB rat Chevy Runner. "I'll start wearing nothing but hot pants if that's what it takes."

SUB rats shocked to discover entire campus exists outside building

Yet still they refuse to leave for any length of time

BY DUKE ZIMMERMAN
AND AMANEUNSES VAN

Inhabitants of the Student Union Building (SUB) were shocked this week when an expedition led by SUUV executive Erik Gretel returned with tales of a fantastic new world beyond Ring Road.

"Hear ye, hear ye!" he shouted from atop the raised platform beside the Upper Lounge. "We have travelled the lengths of this land and have seen wonders the likes of which ye cannot imagine!"

Gretel's team braved many hardships, including marauding gangs of engineers and shadowy figures tossing deadly discs through the night. But they survived, bringing back reports of majestic forests and a strange race of people living in trees on the other side of a great waterfall set into stone.

"In pursuit of adventure, there is no risk too great, no danger too fierce," shouted Gretel. "Now that we've made first contact with the majority of the student body, we'll be better equipped to fulfill our sworn duty as lords of this great campus."

"This is incredible," said Scot Erickson as news of Gretel's discovery spread to the north end of the building, where she works at the Inner Action Juice Bar, a local watering hole. "I only hope someday I'll be able to visit this brave new world of multi-level buildings, wide open spaces and sweet, fresh air."

The expedition was undertaken following last year's epic journey into the south end of the building. At the time, many north-end SUB rats like Scott Pain weren't even aware that there was another end of the SUB.

On that earlier trip, nearly the entire SUUV board was lost. Only mild-mannered accountant Gif Jonesford returned, reduced to madness and telling fantastic tales of a tyrannical, brightly costumed shaman named David Tillsonburger who rules the south end, where scantily clad youth consume fiery liquids and dance to tribal rhythms late into the night.

SUB rats themselves are loosely split into north end, south end, and basement factions, resulting in an endless soap opera of petty rivalries and inter-species dating. The back of the building is the exclusive habitat of Pierre le Veritable, a rare albino SUB denizen who prowls the building searching for treasure.

Despite the enormity of the announcement, not all SUB rats were impressed. Public address manager Randy Gelding and The Globe and Martlet manager Jeremiah Rainbow, both of whom have lived in the SUB basement since 1995, claim to have traveled extensively in the new lands back when the current crop of explorers were mere babes.

"I've been hip to the rest of campus since it was underground," said Gelding, who set the record for longest time gone without seeing natural light over a four-year period between 1998 and 2002.

Over at the Munchie Bar, where Joan Graves and Igota Wiz remain locked in a frowning contest as of press time, Austin Renault took a quick break from combing his hair to respond to the news.

"Hey Lindsey, how does my ass look?" he asked a fellow worker. "I did some extra squats today at the gym."

Float around the ring: The MYANUS Project

BY STEFEN MACHUS
AND GARTH KARMA

Despite a few holdups, the world of pedestrian transit is steadily walking towards the future at UVic.

Since May 3, 2002, engineering and computer science have joined forces to design a mode of transportation that will revolutionize student life. The MYANUS Project is a rotating ring floating five metres above Ring Road. Access stairs will allow students to ride MYANUS around the ring and get off at another set of stairs, saving time and energy.

"There's only one set of stairs right now," said Grant Malloy, chief project engineer. "But there should be at least three more added by the end of the decade. I find MYANUS very exciting, really."

Douglas Turpintine, El Presidenté de UVic, is excited about the project. "The opportunity to improve our campus is always welcome. At only the cost of $12.8 million, MYANUS will allow us to have even more corporate sponsorships by installing vending machines around the ring."

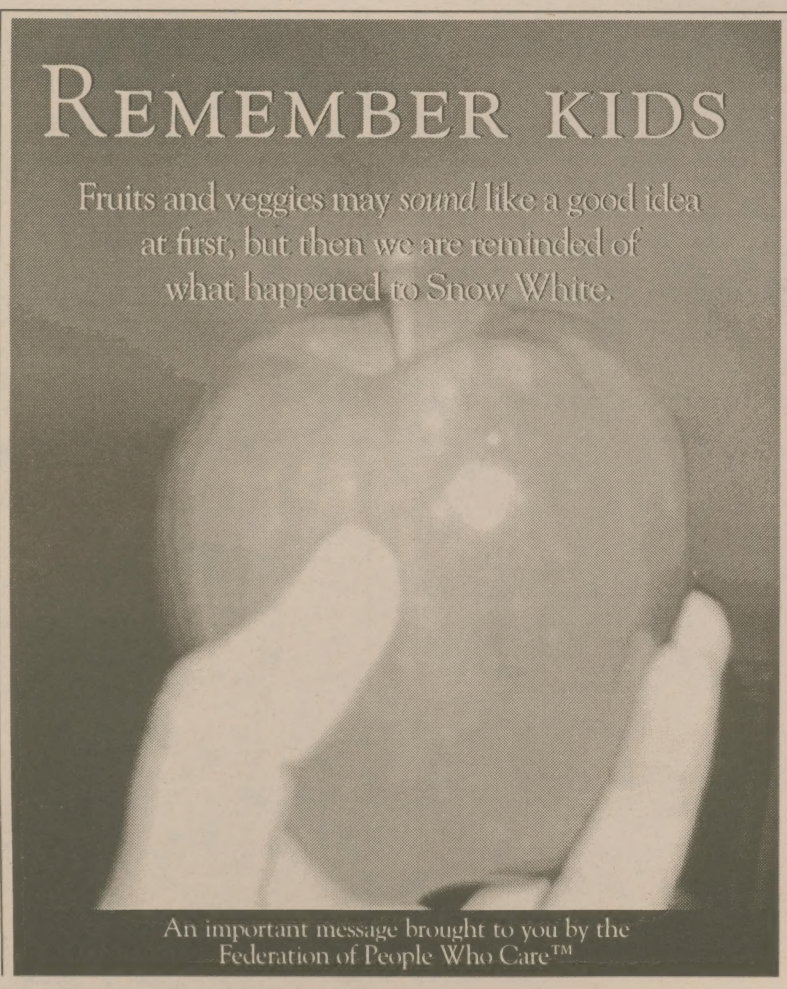
When asked about the benefits to students, Turpintine said, "They'll be able to enjoy the refreshing taste of Pepsi while riding MYANUS."

"Granted MYANUS is not structurally sound yet," said Malloy, referring to the death of 17 students and three faculty members when, during a test, the walkway became unhinged from the stairs. The rotating ring flew away, evacuating its clinging riders off in all directions.

"The problem arose due to a miscalculation. Somebody had accidentally used the value 3.14159265358979323847, instead of 3.14159265358979323846 as pi," said Malloy. "It must have been one of the computer science students! No engineer would've made a mistake that stupid. I've instructed everyone to be extra careful when inputting pi into MYANUS from now on."

Computer Science graduate student Abeam Hinkle was quick to divert blame from the computer science division, even though nobody asked him to.

"If it were up to us, MYANUS wouldn't have be causing any trouble," said Hinkle. "We would have made a guidance program using open-source GNU Linux with a 2.34 microkernel, dynamic processing and an Abelian-communative interface. Those people still might have died, but at least it wouldn't have been because of inferior software."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Fruits and veggies may *sound* like a good idea at first, but then we are reminded of what happened to Snow White.
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New Kids never age

BY PRESOAK BENZOATE

As April 25, the official New Kids on the Block Day, approaches, fans across UVic are gearing up for the biggest band-appreciation day in campus history. In a time when boy bands are the lowest of cool, the reunion of the smokin' hot NKOTB has caused a swell of excitement. Selling out even faster than the Pixies, the NKOTB show in Victoria is their first concert in a much anticipated cross-Canada tour.

"The New Kids on the Block make me want to cream my panties," said Kate Bagnip of the band's reunion. "They're even bigger than the Beatles."

Fans are ecstatic, and old NKOTB posters are being pulled from boxes and closets to be hung in windows all over the city. The message is clear. The boys are back.

Those who remember the band's debut in the late '80s grow misty-eyed upon mention of their name.

"They were the loss of my innocence," recalls Bagnip about her obsession with the group. "Because of the New Kids, I grew up. I became a woman."

Her sentiments are shared by many. The NKOTB changed the lives of young girls everywhere, and now they're all grown up and ready to woo again.

Rumours are currently raging that the band is at UVic looking for fans to take with them on tour. The "kids" don't deny it.

PROVIDED PHOTO

How can you do anything but bask in the eternal sexiness that is the New Kids on the Block?

"I love girls, but I'm no heartbreaker! I might flirt, but it's all pretty innocent," says Joooey, the baby of the band.

He makes it clear that they are looking for girls, girls, girls, but that their intentions are innocent.

"To have girls screaming at you gives you a sense of achievement," says Jooon, the quiet "older brother-type," about why they want fans to accompany them.

But the group doesn't wet everyone's panties.

"Their style was what brought me into my butchy self," says Bambi Dykewoman, referring to the boys effeminate '90s version of James Dean style. "With their acid wash jeans and shoulder-padded blazers — the boys were studs. They helped me grow into my identity."

Many feminists on campus are against the recruiting of "Blockettes," but respect the feminine side they see in the band.

"I think it's wrong that they are allowed to come and recruit 'fine, smart girls' on campus," says Dani Silver, a volunteer at the UVic Women's Centre. "But they are basically every girl's childhood dreamboat."

She adds that, "It's great that they promote gender bending by wearing so many earrings."

Overall, the boy band that brought us the "boy-band phenomenon" are loved by all. One professor was even caught humming their old tune "Hangin' Tough" in a Clearihue hallway. It's clear that New Kid fever has broken out.

Who's your favourite 'Kid'?

■ JOE
Born in Needham, Mass., Joseph Mulrey McIntyre has a great deal going for him. Joe likes dogs and the colours red, white and blue. He enjoys soda water and lime to drink with tacos, his favourite food. All in all, Joe's got the right stuff.

■ DONNIE
This studly stud enjoys the earings that his head dons. The self-proclaimed "rough guy" of the band, he wants to be taken seriously. Though he may be a rebel, deep down he just wants to get out there and meet people to date.

■ JORDAN
Jordan Nathaniel Marcel Knight, also known as Jay, was born May 17, 1970 in Worcester, Mass. Weighing in at 155 lbs., he is nothing to laugh at, despite the hair. He enjoys spending time with his Siamese cats and his goldfish — but not at the same time, of course! He is looking for a girl to share his chocolate chip cookies and ketchup with.

■ JON
Coming all the way from Worcester, Mass., Jonathan Rasleigh Knight enjoys having girls screaming at him on the stage, as it gives him a sense of achievement. He enjoys chowing down on Italian foods while watching Eddie Murphy's *Coming to America*. His hope is to continue singing with NKOTB until they can no longer sing. Either that, or to move into real estate.

■ DANNY
Known to his friends as Puff McCloud, Daniel William Wood was born in Boston, Mass. on May 14, 1969. This crazy black-haired, brown-eyed fellow has a pet goldfish he has named Frog. He admits to being too stubborn sometimes, but feels redeemed that he "kinda stick(s) with the things" he does best. Going for a long walk is his idea of an ideal date.

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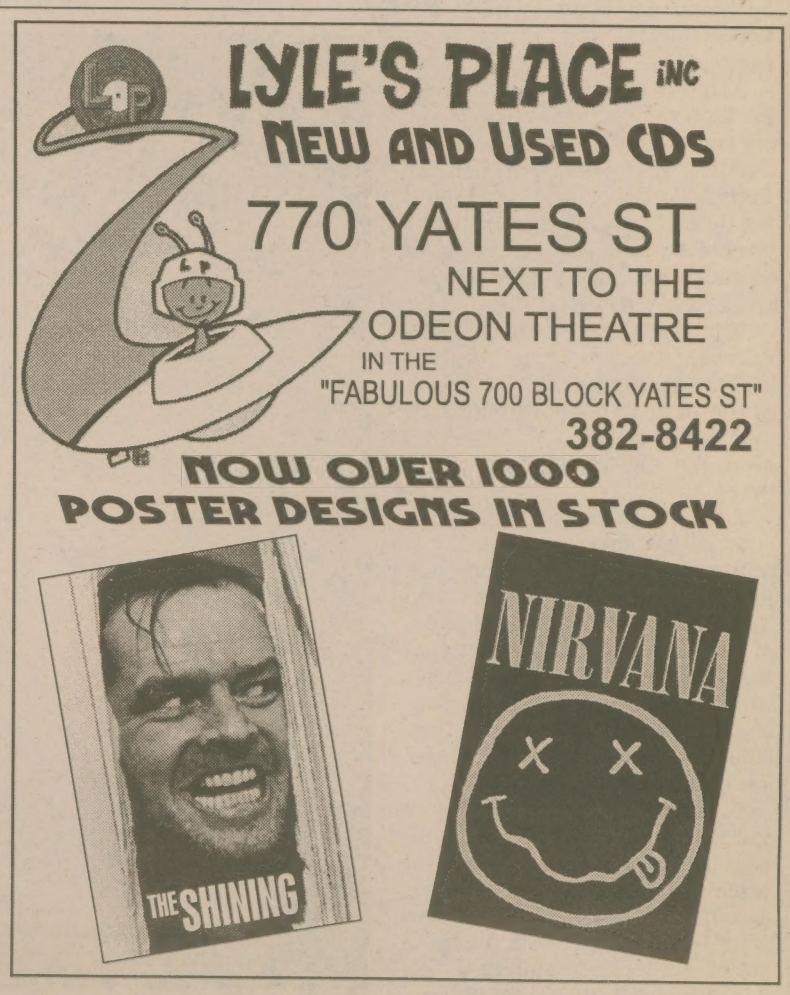


Macktivist fan fiction is new romance novel craze

BY LANA LATUZZI

Well-known Victoria activist Lee Maring is the signature face of a new series of Hurlequin romance novels called "Macktivist Love."

Hurlequin, renowned for propagating soft-core erotica to housewives in the 1960s and '70s, is seeking to revamp its image by targeting the desires of twenty-something women today — less in the mood for the brawny hero and more in the mood for the ballsy, brainy social activist.

The first novel in the series of "Macktavist Love," entitled *Lone Wolf* features Maring as a PhD student in environmental studies at a fictional New England University.

In the book, Maring is outcast from a conservative campus community after blockading the logging of a small forest. He decides to live in the trees in protest, attracting a small band of eclectic and ambitious environmentalists.

Maring's tree-sit and grassroots ideals become legendary on the campus, especially after he is roughed up by some menacing business students and single-handedly saves a barn owl trapped in the library.

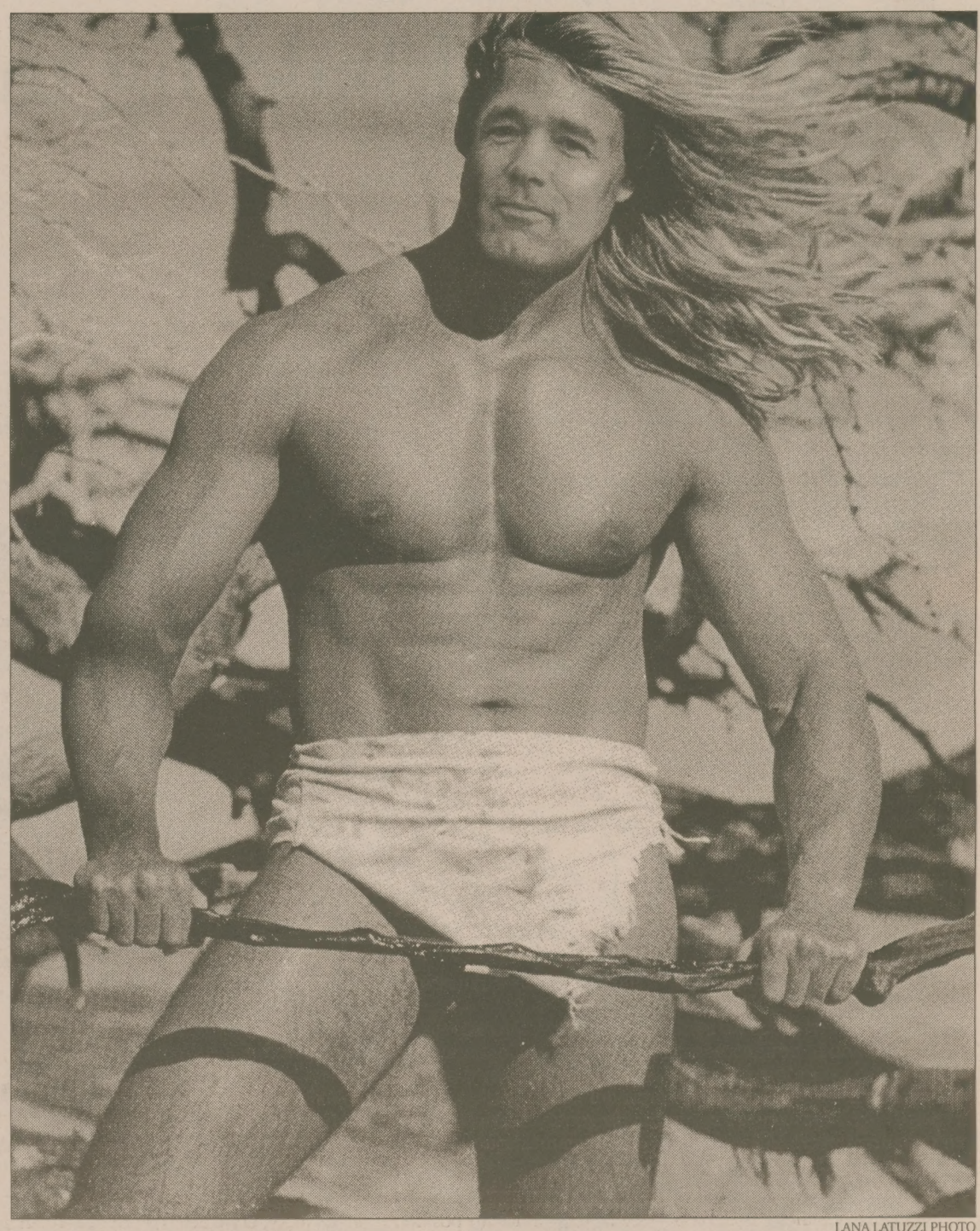
Rumours about the Lone Wolf proliferate, especially among the female population on campus. Some say he was raised in the woods, others claim he can talk to bears and wild animals. Maring becomes the romantic hero for anyone wanting to escape from urbanity and academia and reconnect with nature and their wild selves.

The following is an excerpt from *Lone Wolf*:

... the Lone Wolf heard Mary's footsteps circling the wide-thrusting oak tree he had come to call home. She walked barefoot to muffle the sound of her steps. She didn't want to startle him or let him think she was one of those jerks coming to finish him off. She just wanted to talk, hear him talk, smell the cedar in his long blond curls and look in his eyes — straight through until she saw her reflection, until she saw the trees....

Lone Wolf is a refreshing departure from mainstream romance writing. It is smutty enough to satiate more than a few fantasies about those mysterious and wild activist males, but also seeks to inform about issues such as ecological footprinting, predator-prey relationships and recycling.

Hurlequin is currently working on another series of novels directed towards the gender/sexuality diversity genre called "PoMo Homo," due out in November.



LANA LATUZZI PHOTO

UVic macktivist Lee Maring scores big as the new face of socially-concious romance fiction.

Kids theatre sucks wang chung

BRIANNA SMYTHE

As the lights dimmed at Central Elementary School last Tuesday, I found myself looking forward to a blissful and enchanting evening of high-brow drama.

However, just minutes into the third grade performance of Peter Pan I realized that most of the wretched, filthy little proles were cursed with such an abhorrent sense of fashion that I wished I had stayed home to bask in the warm glow of hardcore porn.

And the acting! Haven't any of these miscreants heard of Lawrence Olivier?

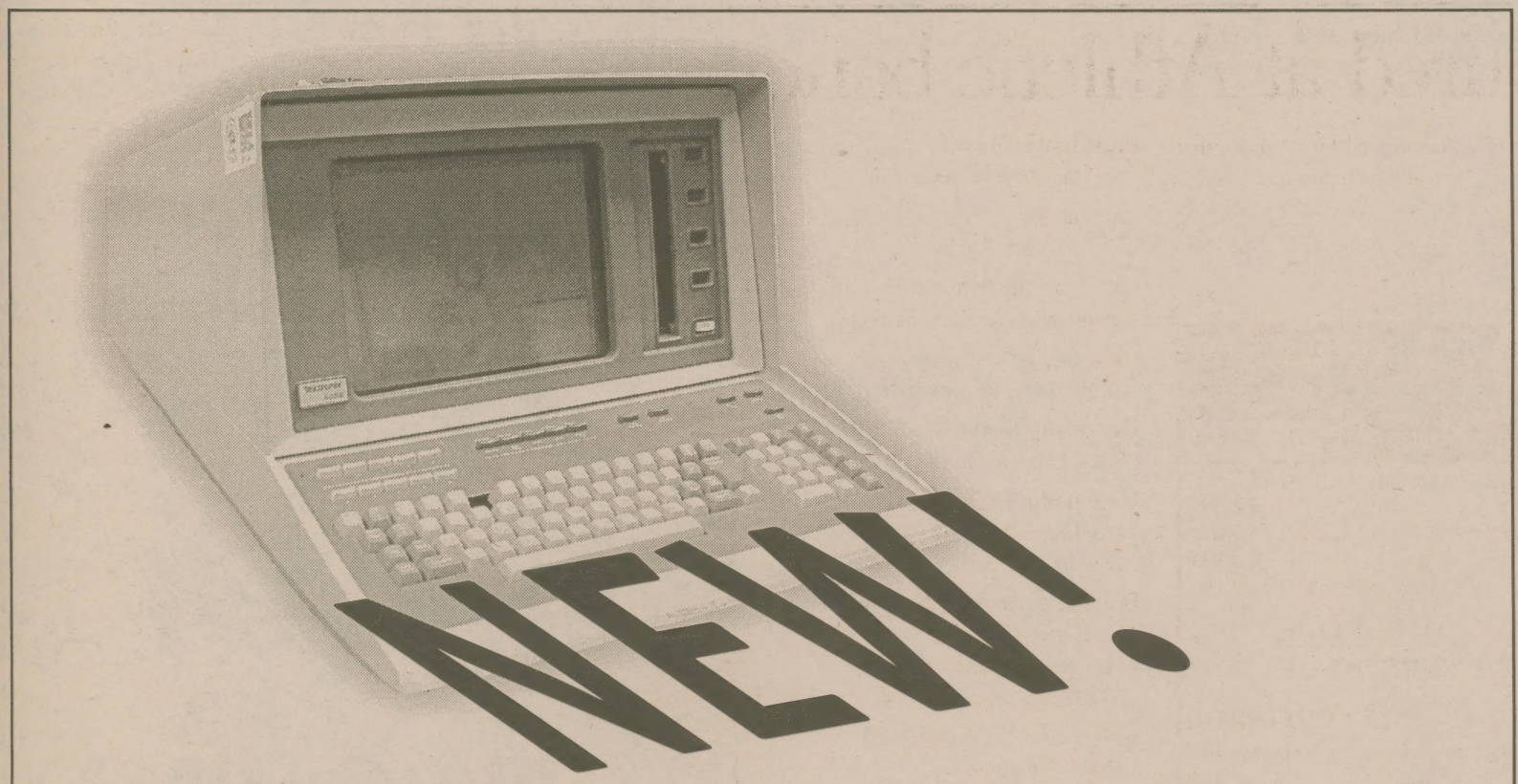
I flinched and grimaced at their vulgar pronunciation and flat delivery. Admittedly, the play was just Peter Pan and the actors were only eight years old, but to be blunt, if these midgets haven't figured out the fine points of theatre by now, they're a lost cause.

Several times the lead actor stumbled over his lines. Some in the crowd probably suspected my merciless heckling contributed to the problem, like when I began shouting, "Hey Peter, nice sword. How does it measure up to your WANG?" But what do they know? They probably never learned how to read.

Thankfully, soon I wasn't even paying attention. During most of the performance I entertained myself by fantasizing about my pocket-cute boyfriend dancing naked. La la la!

By the end of the second act, I had concluded that the play was pretty much a flop, and I decided to review a far more titillating and sophisticated subject: my new outfit. Ooh, how sophisticated and clever! It's not my fault I'm cursed with an unearthly sense of style. I can't help that my periwinkle Betsey Johnson Baby Doll perfectly matches my Stella McCartney mules. Oh wait. I can.

I'm thinking of a new career in fashion consulting for underage midgets. I'll start with snotty-nosed Peter Pan after the show: he has perfect skin.



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What kind of balding man are *you*?

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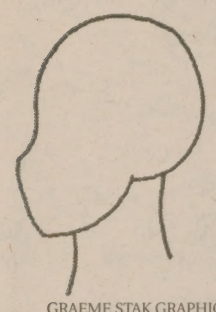


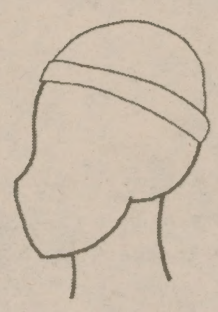
GRAEME STAK GRAPHICS

THE SHAVER

This is the man who gives it all up and shaves off his thinning locks. Styles range from the gleaming cue ball to the slightly fuzzed dome.

You are strong and virile. You enjoy taking matters into your own hands. You also do not suffer from denial issues.

See: Bruce Willis, Vin Diesel, Michael Stipe.

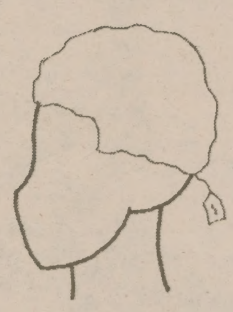


THE HATTER

This is the man who wears a hat to cover his bare pate.

You are not as clever as you think. Loved ones and potential partners will be perturbed by the crusty smelly chapeau that never leaves your head. You have no problem with the phrase "bait and switch."

See: Ron Howard.

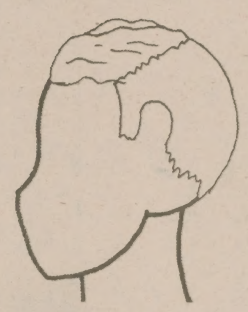


THE LIAR

This is the man who wears a wig.

You are craaaazy.

See: Elizabeth Taylor.

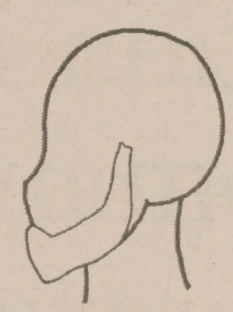


THE RUGGER

This is the man who wears a toupee.

You are a guy who wishes he had the balls to shave your head, but think you might look funny. Instead, you walk around with a dead muskrat dangling over your forehead, which isn't funny at all.

See: Burt Reynolds, Ted Danson, William Shatner.

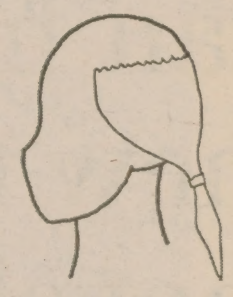


THE BEARDER

This is the man who grows facial hair to make up for his lack of hair.

You are resourceful, and your outsourcing of follicular labour to your face gives you something to stroke pensively while mulling over your stock portfolio and a good chardonnay.

See: Sean Connery.

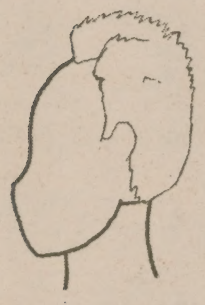


THE TAILER (A.K.A. SKULLET)

This is the man who, despite having virtually no hair left, grows out the remaining bits so that the top of the head is bare, and the "hair" in the back forms a curtain over the neck.

You are disgusting.

See: Steven Seagal.



THE STYLER

This is the man who has a trendy haircut that cleverly masks his balding. Popular styles include bangs or a whacked-out shock of hair.

You are hip. Your bedside table contains absinthe, a Dave Eggers book and handcuffs. There is a good chance you're gay.

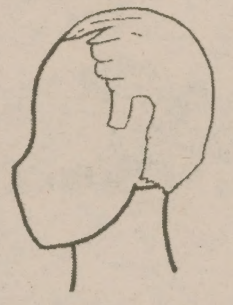
See: Peter Paige.

THE COMBER

This is the man who uses what little hair he has left to comb over the bald areas of his scalp.

You are either a math teacher, politician, retail manager, or some kind of pervert.

See: Rudy Giuliani (pre Fall 2002), possibly Donald Trump.

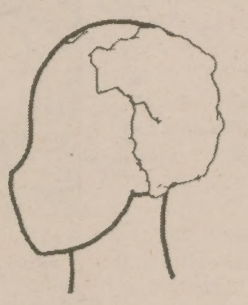


THE SLICKER

This is the man who slicks what little hair he has left directly back from his face.

You are probably sporty and not too bright. This style was only vaguely acceptable in the '80s when you could accessorize your slick back do with a Porsche.

See: Jude Law, Kevin Spacey.



THE FREE TO BE ME GUY

This is the man who doesn't care about his hair, or his balding.

You are carefree and enjoy wearing sweatpants in public. Your fun-loving attitude may take a blow when you wake up one morning and realize you look like Anthony Edwards.

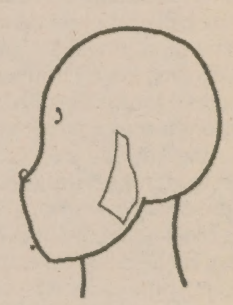
See: Nicolas Cage.

THE PLATER

This is the man who grows his hair really long, then coils it on top of his head so that the stack of locks looks like a normal head of hair. From about a half-mile away.

You are someone who should seek help. Immediately.

See: Local Victoria man who often rides the bus.



THE DISTRACTOR

This is the man who decorates his face with a variety of things to distract from his baldness. Examples include: sideburns, chops, piercings, tattoos, or jewellry.

You are not fooling anyone. Hardware does not a full head of hair make.

See: Various members of crappy generic rock bands.

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Sports in Brief

Rower disappointed by final destination

Rookie Vikers rower Benny Bachalava expressed disappointment Saturday after realizing that a 2.8 kilometre race down the Gorge waterway wasn't really headed anywhere in particular.

"We were really heaving out there," he said. "My arms hurt, my legs hurt, I can hardly breathe, and for what? As soon as we got to the end we just loaded the boat up and went back to the start."

Bachalava, who said he joined the Vikers to "see new places, preferably by boat" hasn't yet decided whether he'll stick with the team.

"Maybe if we organize a picnic next time, or maybe row to an island, that'll keep me," he said. "I think we need tweed caps — nothing says boat ride like a tweed cap."

Users of UVic gym diagnosed with 'Ian Stewart Complex'

Professors at the UVic faculty of psychology have identified a disorder unique to users of the UVic gym. Those stricken with the disorder, known as the "Ian Stewart Complex," are characterized by repeated, feverish attempts to circumvent the gym's "no sleeveless shirt" policy.

Yolanda Corleone, a complex sufferer, spoke to The Globe and Martlet:

"I'll pay any price to display my shapely upper arms and shoulders while using the Stairmaster," she said.

The announcement of the complex was met with skepticism by some in the psychology community.

"I really think this so-called complex falls well within the range of general bicep- and shoulder-focused hubris," said R. Wang Butterfly, a psychologist from the University of Brutish Columbia.

Rider fans confused by pride parade

BY WARREN RICHNICA

GRAEME STAK PHOTO

Hogan Dubinski looks perplexed at dubious displays of Roughrider pride.

Hogan Dubinski and Greg Conley, transfer students from the University of Saskatchewan, were left confused last weekend after being the only marchers at the pride parade dressed in Roughriders' green.

The two spent the week feverishly preparing "Lions suck" posters and cornering the local market on green body paint after seeing a sign advertising an opportunity to "show your pride" at last weekend's march.

However, the two self-described Riders fanatics were less than "totally stoked" by the level of adulation shown by fellow marchers.

"I don't know if 'pride' means something different out here," Dubinski said. "But there wasn't one single Nealon Greene jersey, or 'I Love Danny Barrett' poster at the whole thing."

Conley added, "I guess that dude in the fishnet stockings was trying to show how girly the rest of the league is. But he totally ignored me when I tried to start a "Re-gi-na, Re-gi-na" chant. I mean, what's up with that?"

But while the men were disappointed by the enthusiasm of fellow marchers, both expressed shock at the anti-rider sentiment expressed by some onlookers.

"We were marching past the churches on Cook Street and some dudes just let us have it," Dubinski said. "One guy just kept on yelling at me that there should be a constitutional amendment banning 'you kind of people.' I mean, relax buddy, its just football."

"Yeah," added Conley. "They were screaming about us going to hell, telling us to repent and find Jesus. And I thought the fans in Edmonton were tough."

Dubinski and Conley eventually left the march in disgust, after finding the guest speakers not to their liking.

"We were promised a legendary pride figure," Conley said. "I thought for sure it was going to be [1989 Grey Cup hero] Ray Elgard, or [former coach] John Gregory."

"I didn't even recognize the guy they brought up," added Dubinski. "I've been involved in Rider pride since I was like two and I know a legendary pride figure when I see one. That guy was not legendary.

Although both men were disappointed in the march they expressed interest in organizing future parades.

"People kept on saying that the pride community here is huge," Conley said. "Well next time we're going to get involved and show them what Rider pride is all about."

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On campus

The *"second NHL season"* is days away and that means it is also time for the traditional playoff pool. People all over the country are preparing themselves for this illustrious event, are you one of them?
However this pool is not one that is only concerned with winning or seeing one's team go all the way to the cup final, this hockey pool is for those who are in need. The intention is geared to benefit the Food Bank. Most of the money will be donated to the Food Bank and the rest will be given out as prizes. Therefore the more people play the greater the benefit to all.
The first annual Food Bank Hockey Playoff Pool will get underway on April 4 at 11 p.m. The deadline to enter is on April 7 at 4 p.m. (all times are PST). The cost is $10 for one sheet, $25 for two, $40 for three, $50 for 4 and $60 for 5. To enter, pick up a copy at the Resource Centre in the SUB.
Those who wish to receive a copy of the hockey pool online can do so by e-mailing Chadi Akouri at cakouri@uvic.ca and they can drop it off at the UVSS Resource Centre before the deadline.

Off campus

Victoria Writers' Society – First Wednesday of every month, 7:15 p.m. in the New Horizons Centre at 234 Menzies St. in James Bay. Open to the public. We offer information, support, and exposure to emerging and established writers, and we now offer a discounted student membership rate of $15 for university and college students. Our speaker on April 7 will be Troy Wilson, author of Perfect Man, published by Orca Books. For more info, visit victoriawriters.com.

LYNDA RAINO says good bye. Retirment gathering @ the Mac, Sunday April 4 1:00–3:30. No charge. Food & cash bar. First come first seated. Come say goodbye to this extraordinary dancer/choreographer.

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The Open UVic Resource Sexual Assault Centre is currently accepting applications for new volunteers. Positions in support work, education, and action available. Drop by OURSAC (SUB B027), phone 472-4388, or e-mail oursac@uvss.uvic.ca for an application form or more info.

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Announcements

Activist Video Night presents "Poverty Outlaw" the true story of one woman's descent into poverty and her odyssey of clawing her way out. She and other women turn "outlaw," forming a welfare rights union to legally and illegally secure their basic human rights to feed, clothe and house themselves and their children. They march, lobby, protest . . . and in the dark of night take what they need to survive. 7:00 p.m., Friday, April 2, Camosun College (Lansdowne Campus) Fisher Building theatre, room 100, FREE, info. 595-3991.

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OLD WINERY SELF-STORAGE close to university. Secure indoor lockers. Student discount with this ad. 3952 Quadra St., 727-2311.

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Outbound Women's 50 L pack. Top and bottom front access. Excellent condition. 595-3361. $85 o.b.o.

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Hey ya

It's absolutely capital, here in Capitaland, that we frolick with child-like abandon sometime soon. But don't forget to bring me a daffodil.

Because you hate it when I say, "Makes me want to cream my panties." But really, things are going so good right now I could.

Hey gumboot dancing man – your smile makes my day.

Topless is as topless does. What do you say, cowgirl? Meet me out on the range at midnight.

It's all relative. Ya know?

Rocksteady – I'm never quite sure what I want to say, but I'm always sure I want to say something . . . you make me smile. – b.

The popcorn is fine, BS. We eat the garbage of consumer culture every day.

Aiutarmi! Ho bisogno d'amore e troppo donne. Ma, sono pigro e grosso.

The rain in Spain falls mainly down the drains. Beware! Beware of the evil drain rain.

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The Comics: An Explanation

This week, with the paper being printed on April Fools Day, and in a further attempt to "bring the funny," The Globe and Martlet's cartoonists have banded together in the fine tradition of anyplace where cartoonists congregate.

For those confused, a legend:

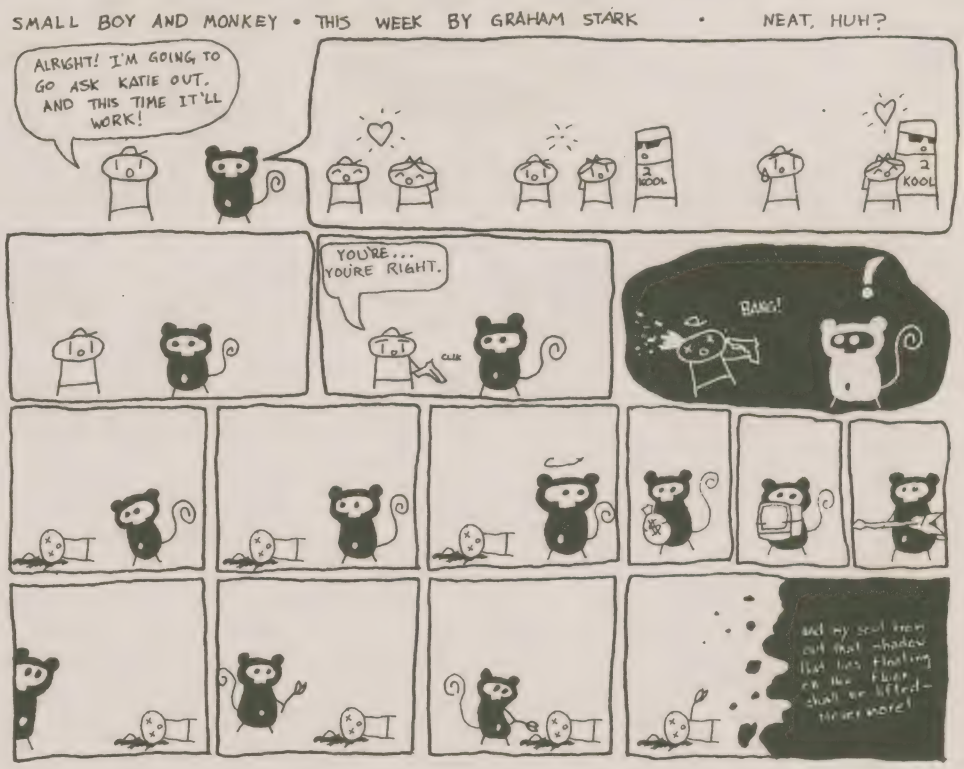
"Disce Pati" and "Noam Chomsky" have switched cartoonists, as have "Roomies" and "Small Boy & Monkey."

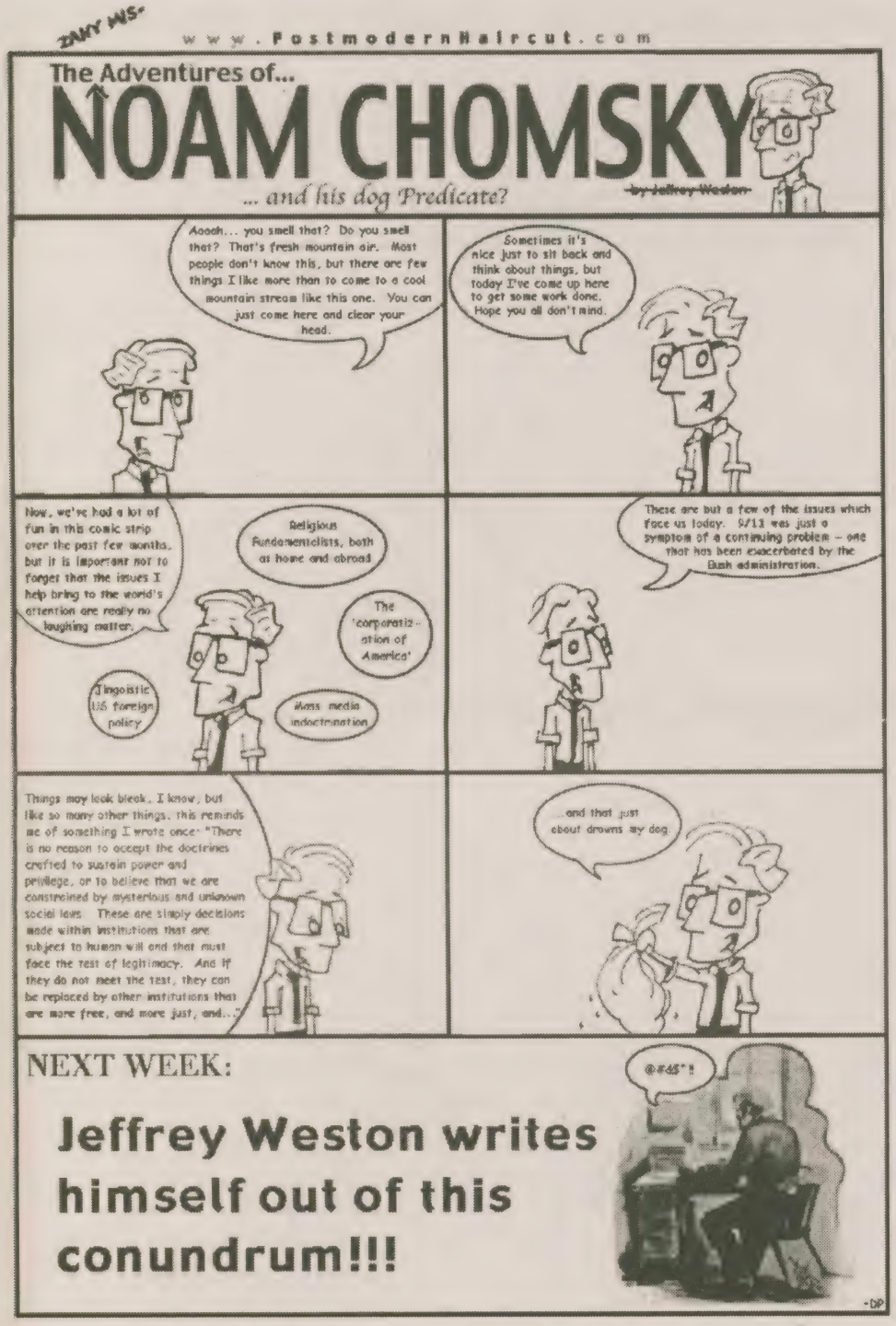
Also submitted for your enjoyment, a recaptioned "Roomies" by disgruntled cartoonist, Abez.

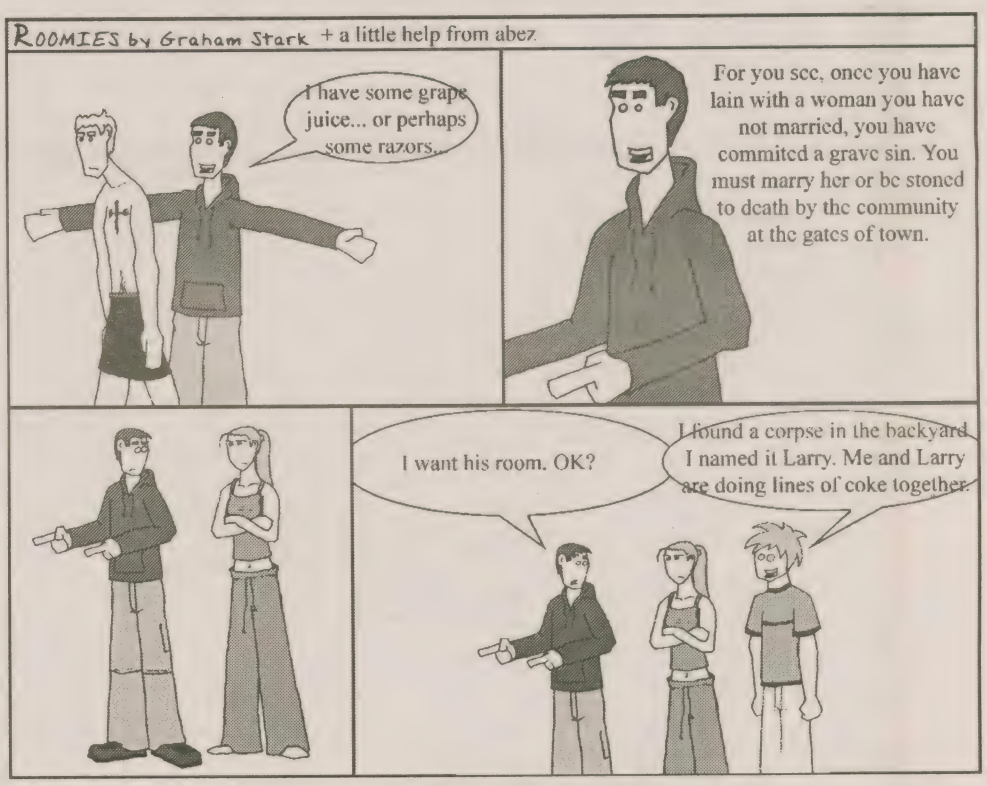
Finally, on the back page, and totally unrelated, we have some "Bob the Angry Flower," because it's funny and we have colour.

DISCE PATI
with special guest cartoonist Jeffrey Weston (PostmodernHaircut.com)
HEY BABY! MY STOCK OPTIONS ARE ABOUT TO VEST!
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR STOCK IS ALREADY ON THE RISE!
OOOOO!
I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE WORN PANTS TO THIS OFFICE PARTY!

"The punch wasn't the only thing spiked."


SMALL BOY AND MONKEY • THIS WEEK BY GRAHAM STARK • NEAT, HUH?
ALRIGHT! I'M GOING TO GO ASK KATIE OUT. AND THIS TIME IT'LL WORK!
YOU'RE... YOU'RE RIGHT.
BANG!
and my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor shall be lifted— nevermore!


www.PostmodernHaircut.com
The Adventures of...
NOAM CHOMSKY
... and his dog Predicate?
by Jeffrey Weston
Aaaah... you smell that? Do you smell that? That's fresh mountain air. Most people don't know this, but there are few things I like more than to come to a cool mountain stream like this one. You can just come here and clear your head.
Sometimes it's nice just to sit back and think about things, but today I've come up here to get some work done. Hope you all don't mind.
Now, we've had a lot of fun in this comic strip over the past few months, but it is important not to forget that the issues I help bring to the world's attention are really no laughing matter.
Religious Fundamentalists, both at home and abroad
The 'corporatization of America'
Linguistic US foreign policy
Mass media indoctrination
These are but a few of the issues which face us today. 9/11 was just a symptom of a continuing problem – one that has been exacerbated by the Bush administration.
Things may look bleak, I know, but like so many other things, this reminds me of something I wrote once: "There is no reason to accept the doctrines crafted to sustain power and privilege, or to believe that we are constrained by mysterious and unknown social laws. These are simply decisions made within institutions that are subject to human will and that must face the test of legitimacy. And if they do not meet the test, they can be replaced by other institutions that are more free, and more just, and..."
...and that just about drowns my dog.
NEXT WEEK:
Jeffrey Weston writes himself out of this conundrum!!!
@#$%*!
-DP


ROOMIES by Graham Stark + a little help from abez
I have some grape juice... or perhaps some razors.
For you see, once you have lain with a woman you have not married, you have commited a grave sin. You must marry her or be stoned to death by the community at the gates of town.
I want his room. OK?
I found a corpse in the backyard. I named it Larry. Me and Larry are doing lines of coke together.

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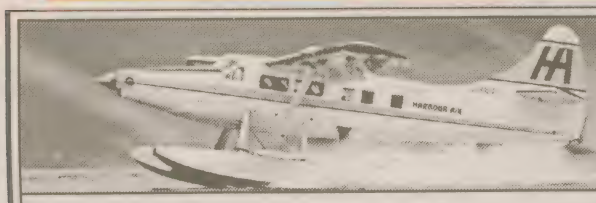

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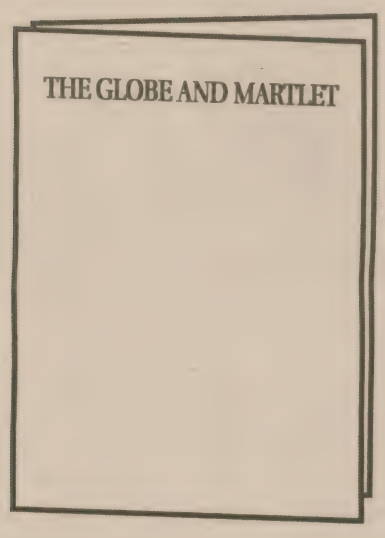
THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 2004 | THE UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA'S INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER | VOLUME 56, ISSUE 28

CONGRATULATIONS!

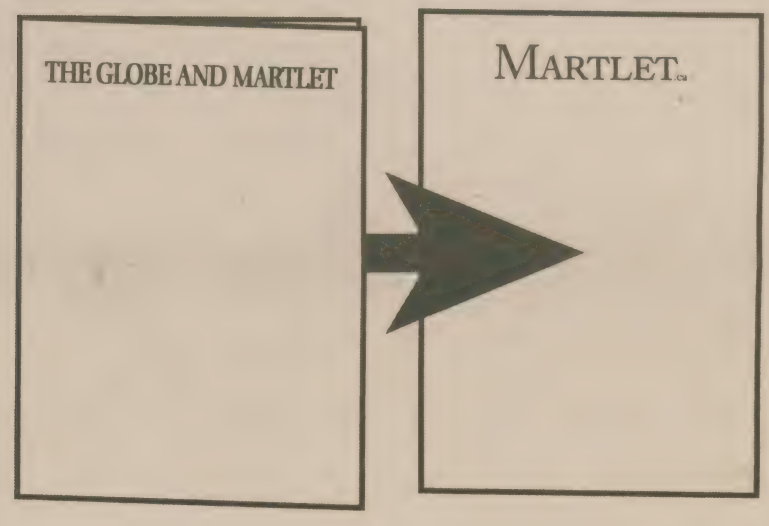
This issue of the Globe contains a free gift!

Included is this special pull-out containing the less amusing, but far more factual, Martlet!

1 **Take hold of the paper.**

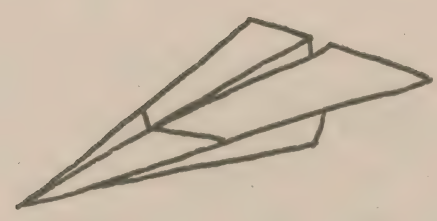


2 **Remove middle section.**



3 **Enjoy the Martlet in whatever manner you see fit. Here are some examples.**

Train the dog.



Paper airplane.

Pirate hats!

Enjoy.

It takes a family to raise a school

UVic student families grapple with finances, empty stomachs

BY BRYNA HALLAM

Balancing bills, kids and classes is getting harder in the face of spiralling costs of education, but UVic's Family Centre is pushing to alleviate some of the stress for student families.

The centre, whose mandate is to provide health and social support to families living on and off campus, hosts its first annual "No Foolin' " breakfast on April 1 to celebrate and recognize students who have children.

"The breakfast is to honour students with families," said professor Barb Whittington, faculty coordinator with the centre. "We wanted to do something fun and bring families together."

More than 500 people live in the 188 units in Family Housing. Many more student families live off-campus. One of the difficulties facing the UVic family centre is that they are not visible to off-campus families. In addition, they have no way of knowing how many students are balancing academics with family life. This makes it hard to determine what kind of resources are needed.

The event also marks the launch of "Who Cares?" a report on the experiences of students with children at UVic. Whittington hopes both the event and the report will raise awareness of students with families.

"Who Cares?" grew out of the university's fairness and equity report completed last year. A group of families spoke to the review panel conducting the fairness and equity report about their concerns and were surprised by the response.

"They couldn't believe they were actually listened to," said Whittington. A think tank grew out of that experience to look more closely at the issues raised by the review-panel discussion.

Professor Barb Whittington, faculty coordinator with the UVic family centre, says student families are often ignored when it comes to financial assistance.

The report suggests developing more support for students with children, as well as outlining the impacts and consequences of insufficient support. The main areas of concerns that emerged from the study include finances, childcare and housing.

As with all students, finances are a major concern for families with children. But burdens on student parents are even greater because they are often unable to work while going to school.

"People don't believe there are families on campus who need to use the food bank," she said, noting heavy use of the food bank in Family Housing. The Family Centre also offers breakfast twice a week, a response to the fact that a number of children and their parents were starting their day with empty stomachs.

Whittington points out that funding is geared towards full-time students. Because students with families often go to school part-time, they are not eligible for many awards. In addition, when funding is granted, greater financial need does not necessarily translate into greater award amounts.

One recommendation calls for greater financial support through bursaries and loans for students with children. The report also recommends identifying new students with children, providing increased funding for childcare, and helping students cope with the pressures of being parents and students.

"Students who are balancing working, school and family need our support," said Whittington, "unless we don't care."

Snake rally today

BY PATRICK WHITE

Today, as the provincial government halts core funding to women's centres, alters the Residential Tenancy Act to favour landlords and cuts $100 from welfare cheques to single mothers, a march will snake around campus to protest the changes.

The protest, organized by the Students Against Poverty, a broad amalgamation of campus groups, coincides with a B.C.-wide day of action in support of welfare, health and housing organized by a broad coalition of advocacy groups.

March organizer Chris Hurl considers protesting the cuts a civic duty. "As citizens we should be demanding that the government keeps these programs and furthers them," he said.

Hurl believes that bringing marches to campus entrenches issues in students' minds. "We're trying to bring the sight of struggle to the campus. It's about time we started taking action where we work and go to school."

Another march organizer, Sherwin Arnott, said the UVic administration is just as much to blame for provincial hardships as the government. He believes the administration has done a disservice to students and the underprivileged by largely supporting BC Liberal initiatives in administrative mouthpieces like the *Ring* newspaper. "UVic moves from the premise that increased tuition is not a barrier to low-income families," he said.

The march starts at 11 a.m. at the Petch Fountain and will wind around campus before a Critical Mass bike ride heads to the legislature at 1 p.m. to join a larger related rally at 2 p.m.

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Sarah Petrescu photo

All hail phototropism

A group of UVic students enjoy the 20-degree heat that has lavished campus with perfect weather for relaxing, watching bunnies and making lawn-stained love.

Province adds 1,900 seats to UVic

by Patrick White

While students struggle with spiraling tuition fees and grant cuts, the provincial government is increasing UVic's seat capacity by 1,900 over the next six years.

Premier Gordon Campbell made the announcement last Friday during a speech to the Association of Vancouver Island and Coastal Communities as part of a plan to add 4,000 post-secondary seats to Vancouver Island by 2010. The premier said the initiative will allow Vancouver Island students to study closer to home and create a larger local base of skilled labour.

Funding for the new seats will come from the $105 million over three years earmarked in the February B.C. budget for increasing accessibility to post-secondary education. Next year alone, UVic will get 432 additional seats.

The incoming Chair for the UVic Students' Society, Joanna Groves, says the increased funding for the seats comes from money the government saved by cutting student financial assistance. "These new seats are created by the elimination of the student grant program. They are beneficial only for those who can continue to afford to pay for university."

Karen McDonald, communications director for the Ministry of Advanced Education, said money saved from grant cuts and expenses for new class spaces are "two entirely different things."

Exact funding numbers for these new spaces will not be available until May.

As for whether the province would adequately fund the new spaces, McDonald could not comment, but Don Avison, president of the University Presidents' Council of B.C., a university administration lobby group, is confident the province will come through with enough money to avoid having students pay for the seat increases. "Our expectation is that funding will be consistent with what we need."

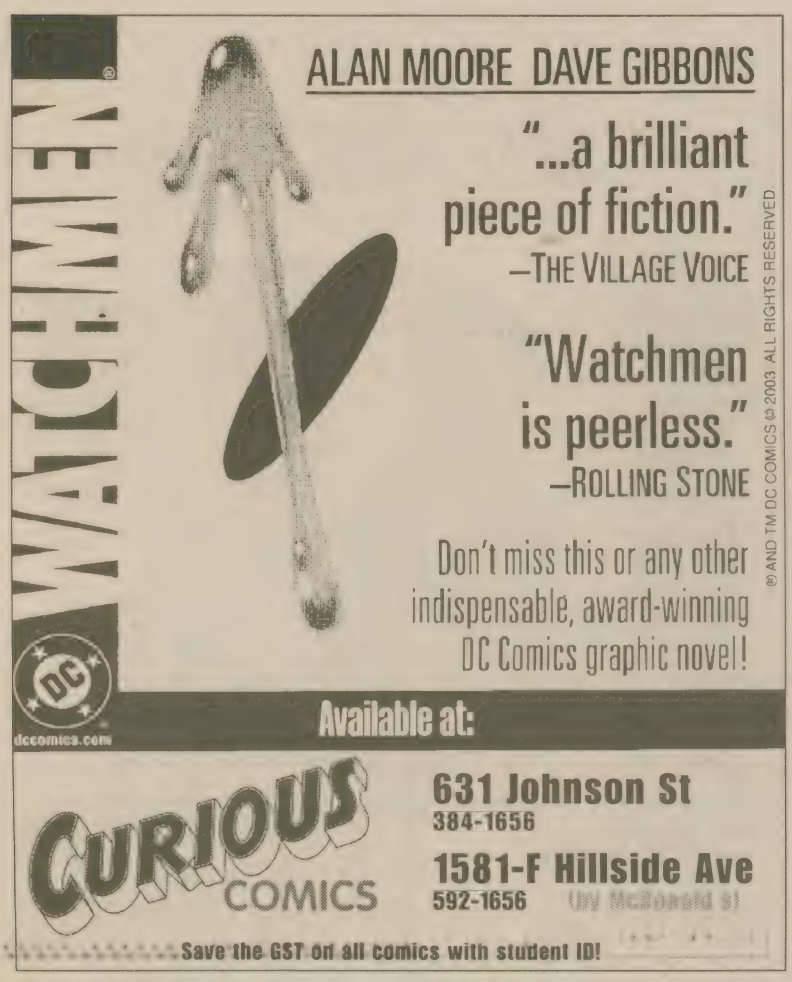
Last year, the BC Liberal government also increased spaces at UVic but actually reduced funding to the university, triggering the latest 30 per cent tuition increase in the process. Should the province again increase capacity without providing sufficient funding, tuition fees will rise more than the anticipated 28 per cent.

Avison sees the additional seats as a positive step, but he admits that the government has to reassure students that it will replace cuts to student financial assistance in some way. "The future of the loan and remission program needs to be addressed. For the average student, resolving this before September is an important issue."

"I am of the view that students have made a significant contribution to growth and quality over the last couple of years," he added.

Nic Hume photo

Gordon Campbell announced last Friday that UVic will have to grow to accommodate 1,900 additional students by 2010.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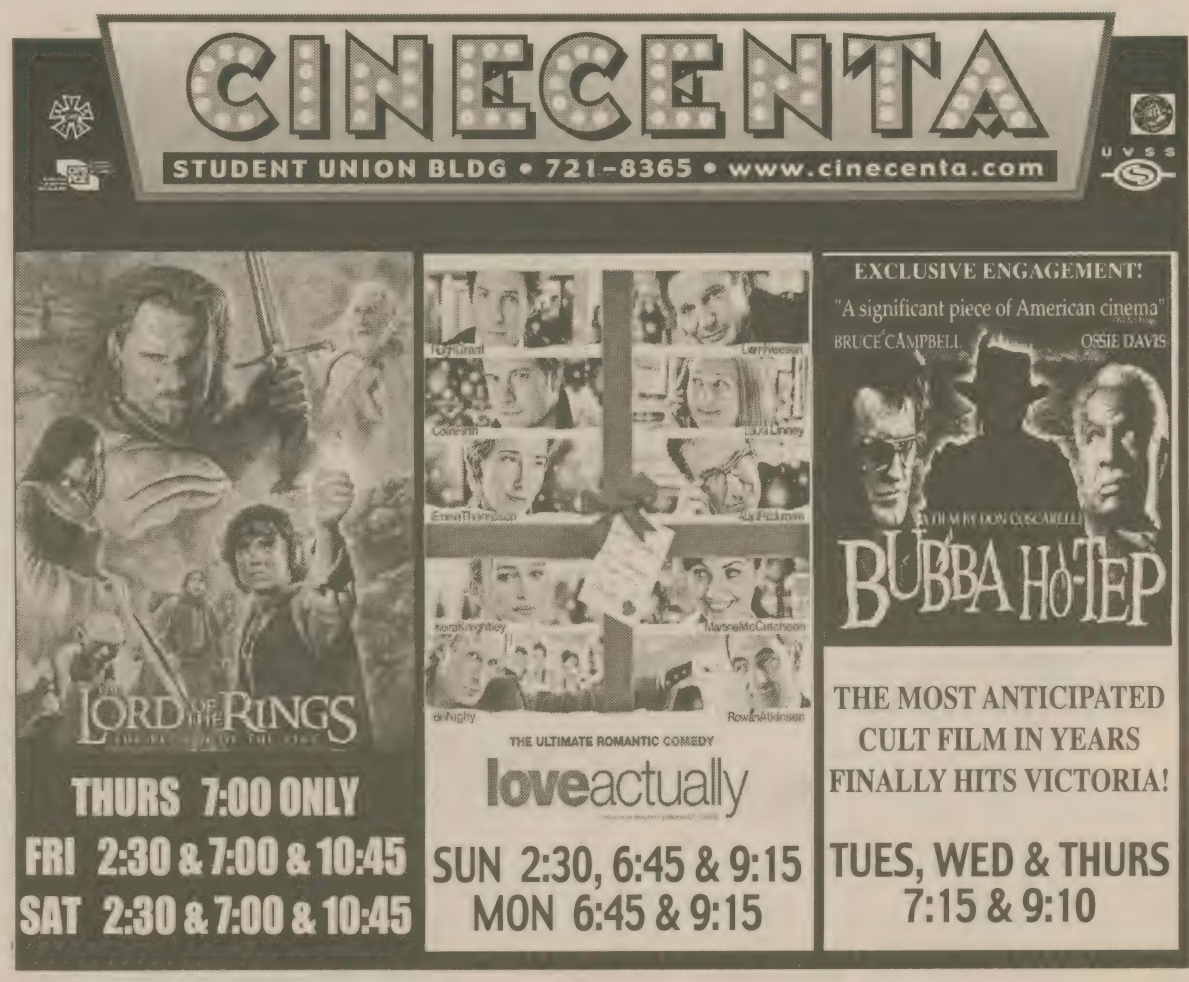

Walking turd calls for sewage treatment

by Jeb Gordon

A seven-foot tall poop man has hit the streets of Victoria to lobby for a new sewage treatment plant.

Mr. Floatie mingled with the crowds last Monday at UVic's Ecological Footprint Day to raise awareness for his group, People Opposed to Outflow Pollution, but turned off a few bystanders unwilling to get close to a giant feces man, real or not. "A few people don't want to hug it," said Terry Bieman, a.k.a. Mr. Floatie, referring to his velvety brown costume.

POOP is trying to raise funds to build a primary sewage treatment plant for the Capital Region, said Bieman.

They are hoping Mr. Floatie will attract attention to their cause. "Many of us have been involved in serious environmental campaigns before and didn't want to do that again," said Bieman.

The idea behind the POOP: Birth of a Movement campaign and its spokesman Mr. Floatie is to approach activism with humor.

POOP is trying to raise $98 million for a sewage treatment plant that would cover both the Clover and Macaulay Points outfalls. There are eight outfall points in the capital region. The outfalls on the Saanich Peninsula, Gulf Islands and Port Renfrew all receive secondary treatment, with some of the Gulf Islands outfall receiving primary treatment.

Primary treatment is akin to a large sieve, a one step process that removes the main contaminants. Secondary treatment is a multi-stage process. POOP is pushing for primary treatment in Victoria.

The two outfalls at Macaulay and Clover Points have remained relatively unchanged since they were moved into deeper water and farther from shore in 1971 and 1981 respectively. These outfalls account for almost 85 per cent of the region's liquid waste and neither has any form of sewage treatment.

According to the Capital Regional District's (CRD) Liquid Waste Management Plan, the cost of a primary treatment plant to handle the waste at Macaulay and Clover Points would be just over $100 million. The cost would be split evenly between the federal, provincial and regional governments. To cover the regional portion an average property tax increase of $162 would be needed in the municipalities served by the plant.

Sewage treatment is expensive. The Saanich Peninsula Treatment Plant at Bazan Bay cost $20 million, and the secondary treatment plant's maximum capacity is about 35 per cent of the volume that passes Macaulay and Clover Points.

At present the CRD has no plans to proceed with building a treatment plant for the Macaulay or Clover Point outfalls. The Liquid Waste Management Plan, approved in 2000 by the provincial government, required some changes, but does not require the construction of a treatment plant unless the newly-revised limits on sewage discharge are reached.

In the meantime, the CRD hopes to find new technologies to use in sewage treatment. One of the CRD's concerns is the size of the plant needed. "We are doing some pilot projects based on some technology not commonly used in North America," said Bob Warman from CRD Environmental Services. "It is being used in some Scandinavian countries."

The pilot projects will test newer technologies that are smaller than conventional treatment plants. The test will run until the end of this year.

The inaction on the part of the CRD is something that POOP wishes to highlight in their campaign, said Bieman.

POOP will hold a public meeting and information session on April 1 at UVic in Fraser 159 at 7:30 p.m.

Nic Hume photo

Mr. Floatie mingles with the crowds last Monday at UVic's Ecological Footprint Day.

Goodale budget meets mixed reviews

by Adam Grachnik (CUP)

Opposition MPs call it appalling. Student leaders say it fails to address the root problems with university funding. What's clear is new Finance Minister Ralph Goodale's first budget isn't making everyone happy.

The budget makes it easier for students to borrow more money. It also creates new bursaries for this country's poorest students and makes increased commitments for the federal government to invest in a "learning bond" for low-income families.

The budget also calls for an increase in the maximum loan borrowing from $165 per week to $210. As well, it provides a new Canada Learning Bond of up to $2,000 for every child born after 2003, in a family that is entitled to the National Child Benefit supplement–a monthly payment to low-income families with children.

The budget failed to create a dedicated federal fund for post-secondary education–an initiative student leaders have been demanding. The new fund would replace the Canada Social Transfer, which currently funds post-secondary education, social services and social programs.

Outside the House of Commons, NDP Leader Jack Layton pulled out a page of the budget to show reporters. He said the debt received 13 times more importance than education.

Layton said the new bond concept might help students 20 years from now, but as for students currently dealing with debt and the rapidly increasing tuition fees: too bad.

"The rapidly increasing tuition fees, which are forcing some students right out of post-secondary education are too bad. There was absolutely nothing done about those issues," he said.

Joe Volpe, the minister of Human Resources and Skills Development defended his government.

"There are those who will say we are burdening people with debt. The people who are burdened with debt … the students of today are the high earners of tomorrow," he said. "Rather then think of it as a burden of debt, it's a great investment."

Layton called the comments utter nonsense.

"Students have had to take on more and more part-time work just to get by. They're exhausted. They're unable to learn as effectively and they leave with enormous financial obligation," he said.

The Canadian Alliance of Student Associations' response to the budget was mixed. They're pleased with the new grants but are upset that the Liberals ignored the dedicated fund.

In terms of the loan increases, CASA said students will have access to an additional $1,530, but the average undergraduate student is short $3,500. The gap is even wider for graduate students at $6,500.

The Canadian Federation of Students, Canada's largest student lobby group, says the budget will increase student debt and lead to more tuition fee increases. They said the changes to the savings plans wouldn't affect a single student until 2022.

The Canadian Association of University Teachers said the proposed increase in student loan limits, enriched RESPs and learning bonds are failing to address the root of the problem facing students–rapidly rising tuition fees and an insufficient number of spaces because of underfunding.

The federal budget increases the student loan maximum to $11,900 per year, an increase of more than $2,500 per year and more than $10,000 over the course of a four-year degree.

The CFS reports that average student debt upon graduation is $25,000. They warn it could increase to $35,000 with the new loan limits.

Other education highlights in the budget include:

- Introduction of a new Canada Learning Bond, which will provide up to $2,000 for children in low-income families born after 2003 for post-secondary education.
- Enhancement of the Canada Education Savings Grant matching rate for low- and middle-income families.
- Introduction of a new grant of up to $3,000 for first-year, post-secondary dependent students from low-income families.
- Introduction of an up-front annual grant of up to $2,000 for post-secondary students with disabilities.
- Increase in the income thresholds used for determining eligibility for student loan interest relief.
- Increase in the maximum amount of debt reduction for students facing financial difficulty to $26,000 from $20,000.
- Extension of the education tax credit to employees who pursue career-related studies at their own expense.

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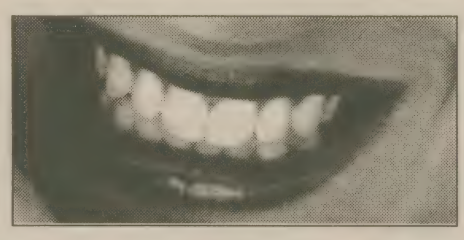

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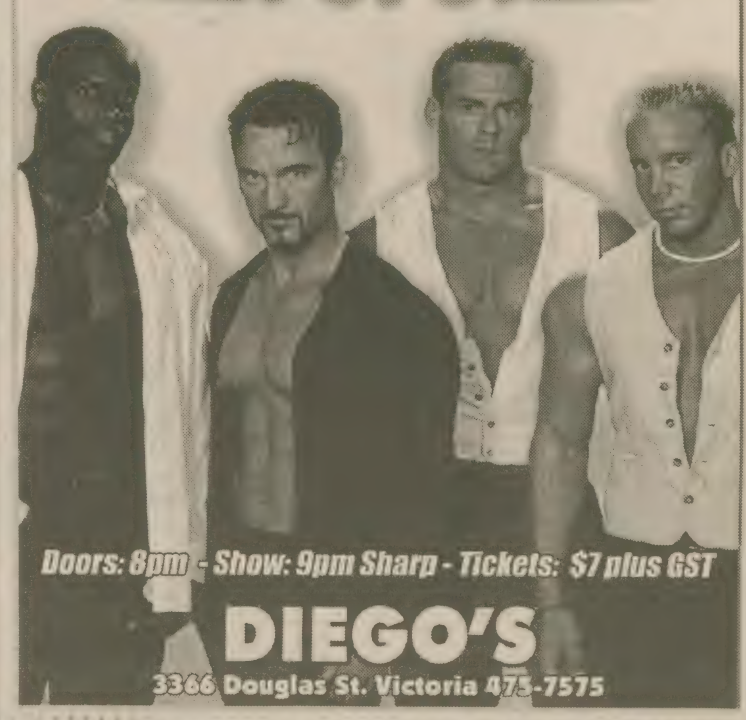

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DIEGO'S

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News briefs

Tuition announcement set for Monday

This Monday, April 5, the Board of Governors will vote to approve the latest round of tuition fees at UVic.

The board will also decide at the Monday meeting where money received from the elimination of the B.C. Student Grants program will go.

The UVic Students' Society is organizing an event outside the meeting between 10 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. to inform the Board of Governors that they believe rising tuition fees are a barrier to students who want to enter university. A food bank drive will take place outside the BoG meeting location handing out info and receiving food.

The location for the meeting has not yet been finalized, but will be available from the UVSS Resource Centre on Monday morning.

Get pissed for world peace

The University of Victoria Students' Society and the Vancouver Island Public Interest Research Group are holding a party for peace on the last day of classes.

Beer, music and buttons will be available outside the SUB from 2 to 5 p.m. Have a pint to toast the end of the school year, pick up a button for your lapel, and grab some postcards for you and your friends to send to Paul Martin telling him to keep Canada out of U.S. plans to start missile defence again.

Check out the campaign website at www.vipirg.ca/samd

Former NDP leader shoots down Star Wars

MONTREAL (CUP) – If Canada engages in missile defense talks with the United States, the country risks becoming part of a larger operation aimed at weaponizing space, warned former federal NDP leader Alexa McDonough in a speech at McGill last Wednesday.

McDonough, who is currently the New Democratic Party's foreign affairs critic in Ottawa, spoke to a crowd of over 200 in her speech entitled "Star Wars Missile Defense and Canada."

According to McDonough, the American effort to construct a land- and sea-based missile defense program is the first step toward an ultimate goal of weaponizing space.

"American documents confirm that [missile defense] is absolutely about the weaponization of space. . . . It's a warm-up act," she said.

McDonough recalled a recent trip to Washington with NDP leader Jack Layton where the two met with a variety of representatives from non-governmental organizations, the military, and members of the U.S. Congress.

"I say this, without fear of contradiction, that we did not meet one single person from Washington who was in favour of national missile defense," said McDonough.

"Secondly, we met with nobody who believed it was anything but a step on the way to the weaponization of space."

McDonough believes the Canadian government is attempting to downplay the possibility of a more extensive armament program.

"On many occasions, whether it's the Defense Minister David Pratt or the Foreign Affairs Minister Bill Graham, or the Prime Minister himself, when [the New Democrats] press on questions in the house, which we do regularly, around Canadian participation in Star Wars, they protest madly, and say, 'It's not Star Wars . . . this is not Star Wars, this is something else, this is land-based and sea-based missile defense, and we're opposed to the weaponization of space,' " she said.

But McDonough warns that the Liberals are anxious to work with the United States on any weaponization program.

"[David Pratt] is such a Bush sympathizer," she said.

–Denise Brunsdon (CUP)

Sheltering UVic ecology from the storm

BY JOHN THOMPSON

Raindrops fall from the sky, ricochet off pavement and slither down storm drains at the University of Victoria, carrying oil, anti-freeze and other muck down the drain with it.

UVic planners tackling the issue of polluted runoff have come to a conclusion: rain and pavement don't mix.

Several technological solutions to this problem were showcased last Thursday, during the university's open house for their stormwater management plan. One solution can now be found at the Engineering building's drop-off area, where asphalt has been replaced by AquaPave, a porous material that absorbs rain and releases it into the soil below. The university is the first place on Vancouver Island to use the material.

"UVic has no major stormwater problems, but these are opportunities for UVic to become a leader," said Sarah Webb, a UVic graduate now overseeing the university's stormwater plan for the facilities management. With a campus located on top of a hill, Webb explained any water at the university flows to four different cachement areas: Bowker Creek, Hobbs Creek, and the Cadboro and Finnerty cachements.

"We have water running off in all directions," she said. "Anything we can do here is going to have a benefit downstream."

Another innovation in stormwater management is housed inside the Continuing Studies building, where dual piping has been installed to harness and recycle rainwater in the toilets. Similar technology is being installed in the new Engineering and Island Medical buildings.

"We're reducing our demand for potable water," Webb said.

Other stormwater eco-gadgets are simpler. At the Lam Housing Complex, rainwater caught in gutters is diverted to trenches filled with gravel, spreading the runoff to nearby plants. At Family Housing, low, marshy areas are filled with stones, which act as a natural filter. There are even suggestions to plant grass and plants on the rooftops of Cunningham building to reduce the rainwater runoff.

The stormwater plan is the result of a study conducted last fall by RCL Consulting, who hired specialists from habitat biologists to structural engineers. The study is the first of its kind at a Canadian university.

Webb said the plan points towards many simple solutions, like sloping a pathway so that rain naturally spills off to help water the lawns.

The university is accepting feedback on the stormwater plan until April 19.

For more information, visit www.uvic.ca.

NIC HUME PHOTO

Sarah Webb and Don Lovell, manager of campus planning for facilities, pour water on the new drop-off area in front of the engineering building to demonstrate how it absorbs, rather than sheds, rainwater.

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Joanna Wong photo

Topless politics

Cultural exposure in Papua New Guinea

by Joanna Wong

It's hard to know where to look. Sweaty flesh, glistening body paint and swaying feathers invade the eyeballs. 15,000 Papua New Guineans dancing in traditional dress on a rugby field, a frenetic multi-coloured mass dotted with pale-skinned tourists. This is a cultural festival, the famous three-day Goroka show in the highlands of Papua New Guinea.

Everywhere, there are cameras. Thirty-five millimetre instamatics, digital video cameras, lavish Japanese imports with brand new wide-angle lenses. Shutters snap, trying to contain the scene. Tourists, clad in bucket hats and über-sensible cargo shorts, crouch and crawl through the throng of dancers on the field, looking for that perfect postcard shot.

Yesterday, I was among them. Today, the lenses are trained on me.

I am a 22-year-old Chinese-Canadian woman, wearing a style of traditional Papua New Guinean dress: possum fur, feathers, shells, and not much else. More precisely, I am topless. And dancing. And while I am but one of several thousand half-naked gyrating women and men, I am attracting a lot of attention.

On the grass in front of me, there is a growing crowd of curious local and foreign showgoers, mostly Australian, Western European and Japanese. Facial expressions range from confusion to amusement to disbelief. One of the bolder onlookers, a stout fifty-something Caucasian man wearing a garish orange shirt, approaches.

"Hel-lo," he says, enunciating slowly. "Do you [points at me] . . . speak [gestures to mouth] . . . En-glish [points at himself]?"

"Oh, yes. Quite well actually," I reply. "I'm from Canada."

"Oh," he says. "It's just that you look, well, sort of Japanese or something. Can I take your picture?"

"Sure," I say. Fascinated tourists have been taking pictures of me all morning, and I'm surprised he's bothered to ask. "You know," I add. "I've never been a tourist attraction before."

"It's great, isn't it?" he gushes, creeping closer. He is inches away. Unnervingly near even, a ghastly sunburned mouth grinning behind a lens half the size of his head.

As a Pacific and Asian Studies major known to go on frequent tirades about cultural appropriation, getting decked out in the traditional dress of a country I've only been in for two weeks isn't a situation I saw coming. Of course, I also would never have expected find myself in Papua New Guinea. A few years ago, I probably couldn't even have told you where it was.

Now I can say that Papua New Guinea is on the eastern half of the island of New Guinea, practically within swimming distance of the northern tip of Australia. Widely known as "PNG," Papua New Guinea emerged as an independent nation in 1975 after nearly a hundred years of German and Australian colonial rule.

Today, PNG remains one of the most ecologically and culturally diverse areas in the world. Exotic fauna like anteaters and scarab beetles populate a landscape of tropical rainforests, grassy flatlands and mangrove swamps. PNG's population of 5 million is made up of 770 distinct cultural groups, and about a third of the world's indigenous languages are spoken here. It's a colourful place, and the only people who come to PNG more than *National Geographic* photographers are anthropologists.

In a way, this includes me. I've been working for an anthropology professor at the University of Victoria, and I've come to PNG to present her research results at a conference on AIDS. Mind you, dancing topless wasn't part of the deal.

"Okay, strip," says Clara.

It's the morning of the Goroka show. I'm standing in a dark thatch hut in a nearby village, wondering why I agreed to do this. Clara's sister Monika, a women's rights activist who befriended me the first day I arrived, asked last night if I would perform with their dance group from the Simbu highlands.

I take off my shirt and my pants, shivering. The hut is dank and a bit cold, and I have goosebumps. Clara, a sturdy sun-weathered woman in her forties, is already in full Simbu bilas–a word meaning "costume" in Pidgin, a simple language of 1,300 words developed by PNG's early colonizers and now spoken by most of the country.

"No. That too," Clara says, pointing to my underwear. The tall feathers on her headdress are catching in the roof.

I remove everything. Inside the dark hut, Clara wraps me in a possum fur skirt that leaves my hips exposed, a belt and armbands made of tough plant fibers, and necklaces of wild boar tusks and glossy pearl shells. When I emerge into daylight, Monika and some of her male clansmen are waiting by a sputtering fire. They see me and cheer. I turn around, and notice that a small crowd from the village has gathered.

Suddenly, I realize. This is a country where all foreign visitors were once said to be either missionaries, mercenaries or misfits. Times have changed in PNG, but many current expatriates–mostly business people on lucrative short-term contracts with international companies–still lead shockingly colonial lifestyles. Living in company houses in gated communities, there are foreigners who will emerge into ordinary Papua New Guinea only in their Land Rovers, en route to work or exclusive clubs.

The village crowd is staring. I'm a Chinese-Canadian girl dressed from head to toe in traditional Papua New Guinean finery, several skin shades lighter and several breast sizes smaller than any of the women around me.

I probably look pretty darn weird.

Clara and Monika lead me towards the main road, much of the village in tow. Weaving under a feather headdress as long as my torso, I stumble along the dirt street, mud squishing between my toes. The urgent throb of kundu drums pumps through the air as lorries roll by, packed to bursting with Goroka show dancers.

The other Simbu dancers are waiting, 30 women dressed in full bilas, singing, beating drums, and occupying an entire intersection of the dirt road. Two women are coming right for me, waving spears and hooting madly.

"Look," smiles Monika. "They are inviting you to dance."

I walk into the group of sweaty, joyful women, and all 30 dancers immediately go wild. Thirty Papua New Guinean women, faces contorted, shouting and screaming. Then, just as suddenly, they are sobbing, tears running down cheeks.

I freak out. What have I done? I look over to Monika, who is also teary. "Oh, we are crying with happiness because you wear our bilas!" she explains, throwing her arms around me.

By the time we get to the festival grounds, a rugby field at Goroka's National Sports Institute, I am catching on to the Simbu dance. It reminds me a little of a boxing step with the occasional athletic leap. By this point, a large crowd of local and foreign showgoers has gathered round me, camera lenses blazing.

This is incredible. Even in a sea of 15,000 performers and at least as many showgoers, I have not disappeared.

Soon, I am found by journalists: a pair of local Papua New Guinean photographers from *the National* newspaper, and Jeffrey, a young reporter from *the New York Times*, smartly dressed in a fresh-pressed blue cotton shirt and khakis.

"So, um, don't you feel, well, a bit self-conscious?" Jeffrey asks, pulling out a notepad and glancing down at my breasts. I suddenly remember how *National Geographic* used to darken the skin tone of indigenous women when they were shown topless in photographs. Apparently dark breasts are exotic, while light breasts are erotic.

"Well, not particularly," I say. Looking round at the acres of jiggling flesh that surround us, the question seems absurd. In every direction, there are breasts. Round, pert breasts. Heavy breasts, sagging with milk and stretch marks. Shriveled breasts, tattooed breasts, lopsided breasts.

"Well, that's great. Good for you," he smiles. "So, can I take your picture?"

Jeffrey leaves, and I start to feel uneasy. More showgoers have gathered round where I am dancing with the Simbu group. And yes, there are lenses and eyes glued to my

JOANNA WONG PHOTO

Clara Aropa, founder of the Simbu cultural group, takes a much-needed smoke break after a dance performance.

JOANNA WONG PHOTO

A tourists snaps a photo of a Papua New Guinean dancer, one of hundreds of thousands of pictures taken that day.

JOANNA WONG PHOTO

Highlands children in traditional dress at the Goroka show, a three day cultural festival in Papua New Guinea attended by thousands.

breasts, but this is not the problem. This morning, Clara said she started this performance troupe because she felt the Simbu culture was dying, and she wanted to hold on to it.

I look around. Many of the 15,000 other Papua New Guinean performers have been rehearsing for this show all year. I joined in about an hour ago.

Monika comes up to me with some water, smiling madly. "Oh Joanna," she grins. "You stole the show."

Just an expression, but it makes my heart sink. I stole the show. I want to take off everything I am wearing. I want to rip the film out of my camera, everyone's camera, and send us all back home.

The next morning, standing in the check-in line with Monika at the Goroka airport, I see a group of pastel-clad Australian nationals reading a newspaper article in PNG's *the National* about the Goroka show. There's a picture of me with a headline that reads: 'Topless Ms. Juana Wong.'

I hear a voice boom: "Canadian? But she looked Japanese."

"Oh, are you talking about me?" I ask the group. Really–how many Japanese-looking Chinese-Canadians could be in this place?

One of the pastel Australians, a hefty balding man with deep creases in his brow, turns and shoots me an angry look. "Yes," he spits. "We ARE talking about you."

A woman in a pink shirt pats his arm and says: "Frank please. Not here. There are people everywhere. Calm down."

Frank doesn't listen, takes a few menacing steps towards me.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" he yells. "How would you feel if a MELANESIAN took part in a CANADIAN cultural festival?"

"Well, there are Melanesian Canadians," I reply. "I'm really sorry I've offended you, but I was asked to dance by friends."

Frank swears, and the pink-shirted woman pets him like a cat. Beside me, Monika is fuming. "I hate him. I hate him," she says over and over.

But I can't hate Frank. He has a point. What place do I have dancing in a Papua New Guinean cultural festival?

It's a muddle. Yes, I was invited to dance with the Simbu women. But no, I am not a part of traditional Papua New Guinean culture. Of course, neither is the Goroka show, which was created by the Australian colonial administration in the 1950s in an attempt to ritualize and reduce tribal warfare.

Most days, Papua New Guineans wear jeans and t-shirts like the rest of the world. Things are changing in PNG, for better and worse, but as Clara said, there are traditions and stories that need to be honoured. Held on to. For me, dancing with the Simbu women was a chance to learn from a culture that's as rare as PNG's bird of paradise, and as unlikely to stay still.

It was sacred. And I'll admit: it was fun.

The afternoon after the Goroka show, I wandered the town's dusty streets. I'd taken off the Simbu feather headdress, and there was so much blood in my brain that I felt quite drunk. I'd even forgotten to find shoes.

Staring blankly into the middle distance, I almost didn't see a short Japanese man coming straight for me. He was wearing a bright red button-up shirt, and had a close cropped head of grey hair with one lone long tuft combed sleekly forwards. "You," he cried, almost jumping up and down. "You were the one with the breasts!"

I burst out laughing. The man introduced himself as Mitsubishi, as in the car, and invited me for a drink. Why not, I thought. A drink with a strange old man oddly interested in my breasts would be the perfect end to this day.

Over beers at a nearby hotel, Mitsubishi explained that he'd been in PNG for the past 10 years running an independent import / export business. He flew Papuan New Guinean coffee to Japan, and Japanese robots back. Mitsubishi's latest import project was a robot named "Asimo," the latest in artificial intelligence made by the Honda car company.

"Asimo is not a robot," Mitsubishi enthused. "Asimo can sing and dance. He is a library and a friend and a psychologist. You tell Asimo your problems and he will help you. He is world famous. He can pick himself up off the ground if he falls down. That's always been a big problem for robots."

"Wait a sec," I cut in, confused. "Didn't you just say that Asimo isn't a robot?"

"Yes," smiled Mitsubishi.

"Well, what else would you call him?" I asked.

"A robot," he said.

"Of course." I shook my head. My body, exhausted and dehydrated from six hours of dancing in the sun, was not dealing well with the beer. "Well," I added. "I think he's a robot. I mean, he has no feelings, and he can't think for himself."

"How do you know?" Mitsubishi cried, gesturing wildly. "Why does anyone do anything? Why did you decide to take your clothes off and dance today?"

Mitsubishi leaned in and smiled confidentially, smooth skin crinkling round his eyes. "Look, I am friends with the governor of Goroka. We have been talking, and next year he says Asimo can be in the show. I will get your another plane ticket from Canada to Papua New Guinea," he said.

I gave him a skeptical look.

Mitsubishi laughed. "You will see. Next year, you and Asimo will dance. Why not?"

MONIKA PAULUS PHOTO

Author Joanna Wong, centre, posing with the Simbu women

EDITORIAL

Don't read me

This editorial is mired in self-doubt. It rarely looks people in the eye, walks with a shuffle and finds little hope for itself. Pity this poor creature trapped in existential crisis, for it lives in a world where its very purpose has been undermined.

For the uninitiated, editorials are unsigned, unattributed opinion pieces that supposedly reflect the views of the paper. Before continuing, consider reading the disclaimer at the bottom of the page. Remember, this piece was written by "one or more staff members" and is "not necessarily the opinion of all staff members."

Basically, what that means is that you, the reader, have no idea who the hell wrote this, nor any idea who believes in what it says. And because of its use of the third person and its duty to reflect a collective opinion, it carries a false aura of authority, much like an encyclopedia.

So what's the point? The editorial's neighbours are stuffed with opinions, some strong, some weak, some diverse, some not, but always attributed. Writers sign their names to show they stand behind what they say. But who owns the disembodied voice of the editorial?

One hundred years ago it was undoubtedly the publishers. In the era of proliferating and competing dailies, the editorial was usually the personal soapbox for the man with the money. During Confederation in the 1860s, wars between rival Protestant and Catholic newspapers on PEI were fought with competing editorials. In Toronto around the same time, politician and reluctant father of confederation George Brown used the editorial from his *Toronto Globe* to blather away in favour of issues like representation by population. At the height of their power, editorials helped give birth to Canada as we know it today.

Eventually, as the newspaper barons petered out and the number of dailies dwindled, only the largest cities had competing papers. As papers untangled themselves from religious and political affiliations, as well as the personal crusades of publishers, the nature and control of the editorial became uncertain.

Today, Canada's newspapers employ a hodgepodge of methods for their unsigned opinion. And no one from readers to the writers, editors and publishers seem entirely sure who's point of view ends up on the page.

Three years ago at CanWest's *Ottawa Citizen*, publisher Russell Mills was chastised for printing an editorial calling on then-Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to step down. Mills believed he had final say over all editorial content, including the unsigned editorial. CanWest chair David Asper disagreed, arguing that editorials should behave themselves and respect the convictions of their owners. Mills was eventually fired.

Now many CanWest editorials are written from their head office in Winnipeg. When you pick up the *Times Colonist*, *Vancouver Sun* or the *Province*, you could be reading the opinion of the paper's editors, or the Aspers out in Winnipeg. For corporate editorials, just look for the CanWest stamp. And at some papers, neither the publisher nor the Editor-in-Chief sits on the editorial board.

At *the Globe and Mail*, Canada's largest daily, Editor-in-Chief Edward Greenspon leaves the editorial up to a board chaired by the hawkish foreign affairs columnist, Marcus Gee. The result is the editorial equivalent of Paul Martin Liberalism: firm dedication to free markets mixed with mildly socially progressive but otherwise vague pronouncements.

So how does Gee, whose own column is never short of strong opinion, end up in charge of the daily sermon? The unfortunate answer is that because the editorial supposedly reflects the opinion of a larger group (the exact makeup of which is more mysterious than the Colonel's secret spices) it prevents any writer from taking a firm stand.

The crusading *National Post* notwithstanding, the days when a newspaper could express a single cohesive opinion have passed. The unsigned editorial has become a anachronism, a wishy-washy, uncertain, unattributed opinion from nowhere.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings.
Editorials are written by one or more staff members,
and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

Don't like what you read?
Write us, or write for us: edit@martlet.ca

GRAHAM STARK GRAPHIC

"Does anyone else find it odd that we've worked harder on the spoof issue than any other issue this whole year?"

LETTERS

Bashing our resident American

I'd be more offended by Ford Walker's rant against Canadians if I weren't laughing so hard. Call it my Canadian sense of humour.

Ford, you fool. You abandon your country–a country that is desperate for dissenting voices, perhaps now more than ever–and run away to welcoming Canada, where you turn your sarcastic wrath on Canadians for not providing you with the utopia you feel you so richly deserve. What you don't seem to realize is that in the process, you exemplify everything Canada (and much of the rest of the world) finds offensive about Americans: you are obnoxious, bullying, and a know-it-all, yet still somehow painfully naive about people of other nations. You ARE the Ugly American!

Look, Ford (is it the name? Is that where all this bitterness comes from?), there are plenty of Canadians working for change, way too many to list. We don't need a bellowing commander up from America to tell us how to do it.

Want my advice? Go back home and work for change there. There are lots of good Americans working their asses off to get YOUR country back on track.

They need you, and we don't. And while your there, try, oh try, to take responsibility for your own very American attitude. And I promise I'll try to stop laughing.

Cheryl Cawston

Comedian defends honour

The following are selected Aboriginal Organizations for whom I have had the privilege of performing:

- Ben Calf Robe Society
- Ben Calf Robe School
- Thunderchild Reservation Administration
- Nichi/Poundmaker Foundation
- Birch Narrows Dene Nation

If my humor was indeed racist, how could I possibly have been invited to perform for these and other like organizations? How could I have been invited back as often as I have? How could I have received their letters of recommendation?

The specific portion of my performance which was misinterpreted and deemed offensive is, in actual fact, a pro-native and anti-racist commentary.

On the night in question, I was so aggressively heckled at the beginning of the bit that I chose to abandon it altogether and move on to something else.

I look forward to the opportunity to return to Victoria and perform once again at the University so that the student body can see my show in its proper context and perspective.

Tim Koslo

What is the criteria for 'racist'?

Next to child molesters and rapists, few are more universally reviled than racists. But while the criteria for the first two are reasonably clear, the criteria for being a racist, as *the Martlet*'s March 18 cover story demonstrates, are virtually boundless. This lack of a clear definition, combined with the consensus that racism, whatever it is, is deplorable, invites some preposterous assertions.

An example appeared in the March 18 *Martlet* article, "Abortion dialogue returns to campus." The article quotes Pam Manhas of the Pro-Choice Action Network as accusing the pro-life Genocide Awareness Project (GAP) of "blatant racism and anti-semitism" because GAP's campaign materials compare abortionists to Nazis and the KKK. Manhas' argument is this: They're racists because they say we're racists.

Neither side of this already volatile issue has a legitimate reason to accuse the other of racism. It's a completely unrelated matter. But both sides have an incentive to do so because accusations of racism, if they stick, can be devastating. And since racism lacks a clear definition, who's to say if an accusation is invalid?

The problem is that people dedicated to fighting racism refuse to define it in a way that leaves any isolation or mistreatment experienced for any reason by anyone not in the nebulous dominant group outside racism's boundaries. The thought of doing so is pre-emptively dismissed as an effort to silence a marginalized group. But not doing so encourages anyone with a complaint about anything to associate it with racism, thereby hijacking people's sympathies and demeaning people's experiences.

Randall Gerlach

Ignore Oscars to find great Canadian film

Regarding Edward Pullman's *The Barbarian Invasions* review in the March 18 *Martlet*.

Speaking of Canadians' civil duty, I'd recommend your reviewer check out a few more of our excellent home-grown films before pronouncing *The Barbarian Invasions* "The One" that provides insights into our unique experience and character.

A short list would include: *Marion Bridge*, *waydowntown*, *The Perfect Son* (one that blows *B. I.* out of the water for realistic experience in a similar scenario), *Rollercoaster*, *Falling Angels*, *The Hanging Garden*, *My Father's Angel*, and *Margaret's Museum*.

Success at the Oscars does not define a good film, more good marketing. Atom Egoyan spent $800,000 to get *The Sweet Hereafter* considered for nomination.

We Canadians shouldn't be waiting for the "thumbs up" from the Academy before we go to see our own stories.

Bruce Saunders

SUVs and campus destruction

Dear Editor,

As an aspiring member of the Vancouver Island 4x4 Club, I am writing to inquire as to where the challenging "off roading" routes are located on campus. Perhaps the Campus Security officers driving around in their luxury Nissan Pathfinders can point me in the right direction so that I may test out my new SUV.

Oona Eager

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Save anti-war activism from cliques

Eric Haensel's brand of protest won't change the minds that count

BY DANIEL SAUNDERS

In his March 25 *Martlet* feature about his experience in Iraq war protest groups, Eric Haensel writes of the moment he realized his movement was more about "embarking on an exploration" than changing the public's mind.

Though the war happened anyway, the important outcome, he writes, was "the creation of this tightly knit community," which later became the Peace Camp, a place where he and his friends could share and grow and he could really start "challenging myself to make ethical purchases that did not support companies linked to the war effort."

If grassroots efforts could have stopped the Iraq war, this kind of navel gazing had no part in it.

There's a reason for all the skepticism about the Feb. 4 tuition-fee protests, for instance in Bryna Hallam's *Martlet* opinion piece "Student activists need makeover." When marches and slogans become perceived as a ritual more for the benefit of other members of the group, demonstrating "correctness," they've failed in their purpose.

That can't be allowed to happen for opposition to the war, since it's an issue with the potential to unite across society: blue collar workers, non-raging grannies, right-wing bigots. Most urgently, it could get Bush unelected.

Haensel's article says that to discover the causes of the war, we must look inward, to our "selfish consumerism." But it's now clear that the war on Iraq was not primarily about oil, and hence our overconsumption.

It's the result of a coalition of deranged zealots, the Bush administration, believing they can and should change the world order.

The hope for stopping them is not to urge Americans to use "100 per cent tree-free paper," as Haensel's group so virtuously does, but to get them to wake up and realize they've been had.

If anti-war protestors are dedicated to their cause, by no means can they let their personal feelings about capitalism, the environment, vegetarianism, the hatefulness of George W. Bush, or guilt over their privileged background enter the debate.

The way to draw in groups outside of middle-class college students is by disciplined manipulation of the media, tirelessly getting the message out in a form that can sway them.

This may call for chants and big fun celebrations, or it may not. Whichever, righteousness and lifestyle has nothing to do with it. Getting basic facts right is also critical–Haensel would instantly lose all credibility with anyone who knows that depleted uranium is used only in armor-piercing bullets, never in missiles.

The moment that protesting becomes a subculture is the moment that it's assured it won't change a damn thing.

In defense of deficit spending

'There isn't a private company in the world that doesn't occasionally run a deficit'

BY RICHARD WARNICA

How many people do you know who can buy a house with a single year's income?

Unless you have obscenely wealthy friends or hang out with a particularly successful cocaine dealer, the answer is probably none.

But people buy houses anyway, and it's generally considered a pretty sound financial move. Why? Because a house is an investment. As long as you have a source of steady income and are able to maintain the mortgage payments, there is nothing wrong with incurring debt to buy a house. The fact is that spending more money than you make in a single year is generally the only way to make infrastructure purchases.

So why has this logic, so widely accepted in personal finance, become taboo in politics?

Over the last 12 years Canada's politicians have become obsessed with deficits. It has become conventional wisdom that a fiscally sound government never ever goes into the red. It is now considered political suicide to even suggest that a well-managed government sometimes needs a financial top up.

Arguably, it began with Ralph Klein and his oil-fueled budget balancing in Alberta, then came Paul "the Slasher" Martin in Ottawa and, just up the St. Laurence, Mike Harris and the Common sense revolution in Toronto. For the past three years here in B.C. we've been treated to our own Klein-worshipping financial ideologues in Campbell, Collins et al.

They've all followed the same pattern: savage budget cuts progressively increased year after year until the magical moment arrives when less money goes out in spending than comes in in taxes and other revenues.

The provinces have even taken the step of enacting "balanced budget" legislation, essentially making it illegal not just to run a deficit, but to project a deficit.

It's like watching a group of long-seasoned drinkers convert to some brand of evangelical Christianity, where the evils of fornication and liquor (a.k.a. deficits) are forever forsworn as the devil themselves.

Even the NDP's Jack Layton has fallen into talking the talk of the golden balance.

A balanced budget has become the gold standard of a well-managed economy. This of course is total garbage. A balanced budget means nothing more than spending less money than you are bringing in. While it is in general a sound accounting principle it in no way means a stamp of economic approval.

Having a balanced budget does not preclude a government spending money on all forms of nonsense. But the real problem of fervent balanced budgetism isn't what's being spent–it's what's being ignored.

What a balanced budget really means is a lack of investment. It is virtually impossible to make consistent long-term investments without at some point incurring deficits.

Infrastructure, including highways, roadways, urban development, hospitals, public buildings and arenas all require long-term financing. As old roads and buildings wear out and need to be replaced, and new areas demand investment, the money to pay for them will have to come from somewhere. If governments refuse to take out loans to pay the costs, one of two things has to happen; either we allow our public structures to crumble or permit someone else, namely the private sector, to invest in, and run them.

The truth is that the underlying goal of the cult of the balance is a permanent reduction in the role of government. As governments continue, year after year, to under-invest in health care, education and infrastructure, the clamour to allow a greater private sector role in these sectors will increase.

What's funny about the whole situation is that there isn't a private company in the world that doesn't occasionally run a deficit. Without deficit financing it would be impossible for a company to invest, acquire and grow.

Deficits are not the bogeymen they have been made out to be. They are an inevitable and integral part of private and *public* financing. If Paul Martin or Gordon Campbell or any other Canadian political leader is serious about investing in our economy, they will have to acknowledge that that means occasionally spending more money in a year than they are bringing in. Anything less is either political grandstanding or a capitulation of government responsibility.

Eventually the question will have to be asked, do we want permanent balanced budgets with the shrinking government and increased privatization that comes with it? Or are we willing to accept that governments sometimes need deficits to pay for public health, education and infrastructure?

Summer: 'tis the season of the shitty job?

The fastest-increasing job market nationwide is in the low-paying service industry

BY TRACEY COULTER

Cut your hair, pad your résumé, and practice your shit-eating grin, cuz the semester's almost over, and we all know what that means–time to get that summer job.

Those of us (un)fortunate enough to have had a job through the school-year that will carry over to the summer can breathe a small sigh of relief, knowing that we at least have some kind of work lined up. Those who don't, and are planning on staying in the Garden City, good fucking luck, cuz you're going to need it.

Most would think landing summer employment in a tourist town would be easy. No, think again. With the way the world is now, with Americans afraid to leave their homeland (the living embodiment of irony), tourist season will be short and decidedly not sweet. Plus, there are more than enough high school students who can be exploited at six bucks an hour, so what's the point of businesses sucking your soul out, one minimum-wage hour at a time, when they can bleed the young 'uns dry?

The kinds of jobs available in Victoria, and in fact the fastest-increasing job market nationwide, are in the service industry. But the only kinds of benefits these jobs tend to have are measly store discounts or tips if you're a restaurant lackey. Service industry jobs usually have you on your feet all day, repeating the same questions and scripted lines, leaving no room for creativity or self-driven initiatives. I once didn't get a job for admitting I would question some procedures and see if they could be done more efficiently. Remember, your unique abilities and traits aren't necessary for service jobs; you simply have to show up, perform like the monkey in a suit you were hired to be, and try not to rob the company blind.

So, if you're lucky enough to land a job during the summer in Victoria, be prepared to earn minimum wage, get less than full-time hours (because a lot of places would have to give you benefits if they gave you a full forty hours), and have no job security. With this prodigious paycheck, you're expected to pay rent and bills, and save up enough to flesh out your next year's student loan package. And if you can't get the ever-elusive Victoria job, and believe me you wouldn't be the first, there's always black-market organ harvesting.

Remember, God gave you two kidneys for a reason.

www.martlet.ca | YOUR DAY JUST GOT A WHOLE LOT BETTER

The Smugglers wield their salty sausages

BY ZOË BAKE-PATERSON

The Smugglers' frontman Grant Lawrence's nickname is G-Spot because, "People come to me for good times in general," said Lawrence. "Most unfortunately, it's not anything sexual."

That's hard to believe because Lawrence is one sexy singer in a swingin' rock 'n' roll band, and their show will undoubtedly bring on the good times.

Granted, the good times may come as a kick in the shins, long-time deafness and the lingering odour of puke, depending on how wild the show is.

"For some reason, a long time ago we were branded a party band, and that's okay. The Smugglers is a good release for us," said Lawrence. "I yell a lot and make fun of the audience a lot and they make fun of me. We tend to bring out a wild audience, often more wild than we are."

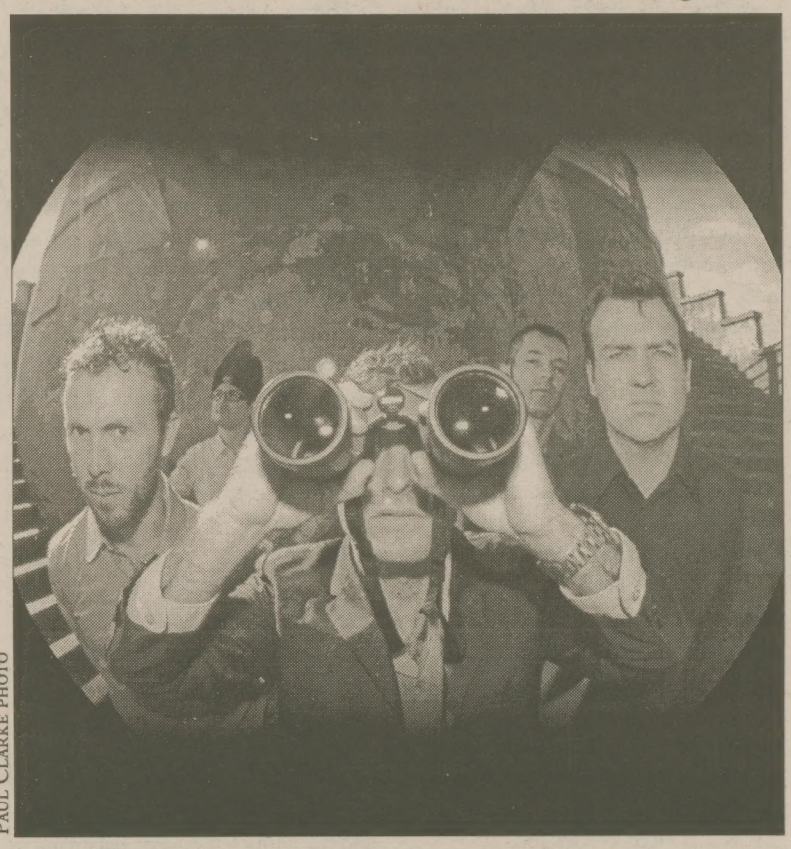
To prove his point, he is full of raucous stories of bar fights, blowjobs and stalkers. But onstage, The Smugglers are a classy rock 'n' roll band. They are a five-member, 15-year-old group from West Vancouver that takes the stage in suits, ties and rubber boots to rock–and rock hard.

Lawrence is clear that, while he likes taking a walk on the wild side, there has to be some control. This is especially true when it comes to mosh pits, which the band is known to generate. He talks about wanting an "equal opportunity dance floor," so that more than "three Neanderthals" can dance. "There should be contact, it should be sweaty, but it shouldn't be dangerous," he said. "People just look ahead and bob–ugh. It's so constricting."

After such a long career–the band formed in 1988–Lawrence knows what makes a show a good one. Apparently, when the band first got together in high school, they weren't supposed to make it out of their parents' basement, let alone tour the world for 15 years.

"We're downplaying it now, the 15 years. People see the 15 and they think, 'Oh God, they must be in their fucking fifties.' But because we started when we were so fucking young, I'm only 31."

Three of the original Hillside High School members are still around: Lawrence, and guitarists Nick Thomas and Dave Carswell. Those were the days when the band almost called themselves the Typewriter or the Squishy Llamas. Fortunately Nardwuar The Human Serviette came along and named the band properly–The Snugglers. Grant Lawrence misheard, and The Smugglers were born. The other members, "Beez" the bassist and Graham Watson, the drummer, both joined up in the early '90s making it a complete set.



PAUL CLARKE PHOTO

I spy with my little eye, The Smugglers rockin' in suits and ties.

But despite the varied topics he addresses, Lawrence eventually comes back to sex–hard and fast like the music that they play.

"Rock 'n' roll is sex to a certain degree. Sometimes I wonder, 'What is the turn-on?' I mean, we get really sweaty onstage, and when men get sweaty they tend to get stinky. Even in nice suits," Lawrence said.

Despite the dirty talk, he says they're not a cock-rock band, and The Smugglers have the years to back this–they aren't on an ego trip. They just play a damn fine show.

The Smugglers are playing at the UVic Grad Party on April 3 in the Student Union Building.

AMAZINGLY RANDOM QUOTES

"Beez tossed the mohawk dwarf." (On removing abusive height-challenged fellow from bar.)

"We do backflips occasionally on stage."

"One time, I got thrown down the stairs of the Limit. . . . We've had some really insane times in this city." (On playing in Victoria.)

"That's going to be one salty sausage." (On receiving oral sex immediately after a show.)

"She wanted to see Mr. Peepers, if you know what I mean." (Again, oral sex.)

"Trying to get those people to move is like trying to get blood from a stone." (On playing in Salt Lake City, the Mormon capital of North America.)

"I'm circumcised." (Indeed.)

"She erupted like Mt. St. Helen's" (On a girl barfing during oral sex in the band room.)

Victoria's newest theatre troupe confess their sins

BY EDWARD PULLMAN

Think back to a time when–under duress or not–you sat through one of the many soliloquies found in a Shakespeare production. Now imagine extending a soliloquy into a full-length play that attacks bureaucratic morality and our everyday rights. That's the premise behind *Self-Accusation*, the first play produced by the Four Horsemen Media Society and the Awkward Angel Theatre Company, a new non-profit theatre troupe in Victoria.

Playwright Peter Handke's *Self-Accusation* lacks many things you would expect to see in a more conventional play: The two actors don't play characters, the stage is bare, and the play is performed in real time.

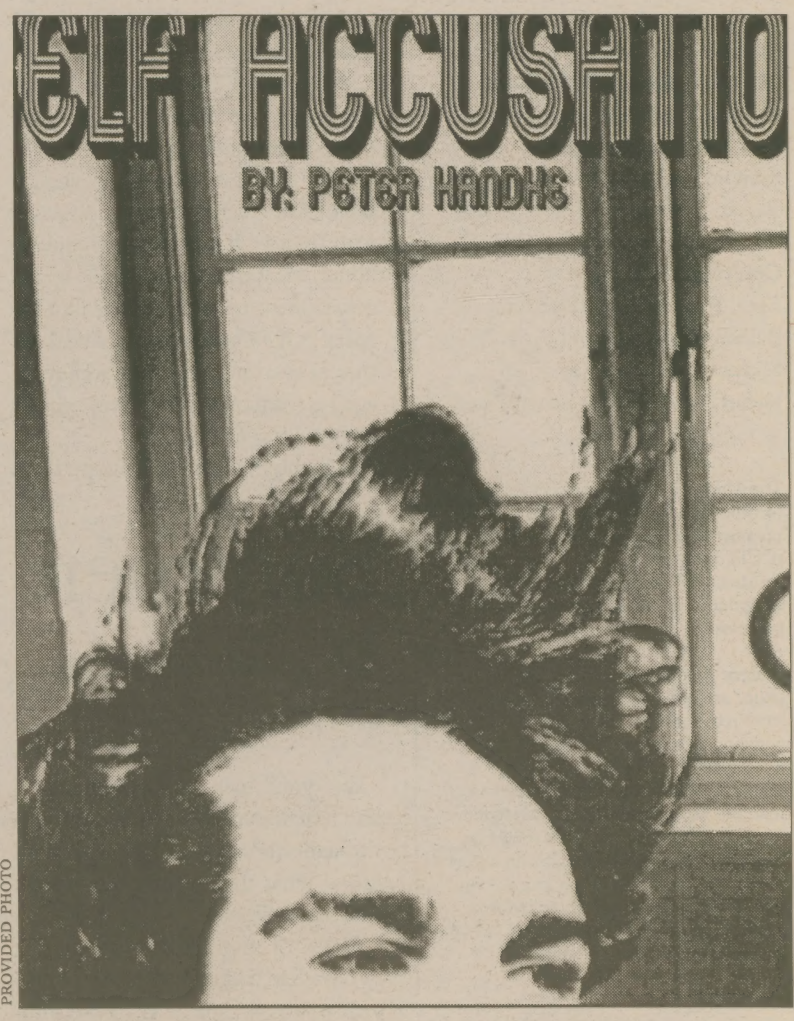
The pair of actors direct an extremely long monologue at the audience, discussing everything from childhood to airports. Their biting words show the audience how all their so-called rights in life are nothing more than responsibilities they are forced to shoulder. Each speech creates an acoustic pattern, with one actor continuing off what the other has just said.

"The play is really a confession, a self-indictment," said Drew Williams, one of the play's two actors. Indeed, this play may be seen as a confession of all possible sins, from "I failed to look away" to "I had sexual intercourse with my eyes open." Whatever your crime, it's covered.

When asked about working with director Tanner Harvey (*Return 2 Sender* and *The Serpent*), Williams reveled in the director's unconventional approach. "He rarely compliments his actors, preferring to let them develop on their own," said Williams. "He makes you work for it."

Without plotting or characters, the actors found they had relatively little to work with. Actor Katie Siney pointed out that the acting seems easier, as there isn't a new character to master–but the words present a challenge all their own. "It's just you and the text, which leaves you with nothing to hide behind. It makes you feel very vulnerable," she said.

But director Harvey relished working with the bleak text, welcoming audiences to embrace the message.



PROVIDED PHOTO

"Let the language do it," he said. "Let the actors bring the language to life."

The resulting honesty, said Williams, means, "You can relate to everything being said."

So, if this play lacks characters, plot and everything you'd expect from a theatre production, why should people bother seeing it? Williams is confident that the play's universal concerns reach out to the viewer, despite the lack of typical stagecraft. "Every single person who sees this play will be able to find themselves somewhere in it," he said.

Self Accusation *runs at 8 p.m. from April 1 to 4 at the Solstice Café.*

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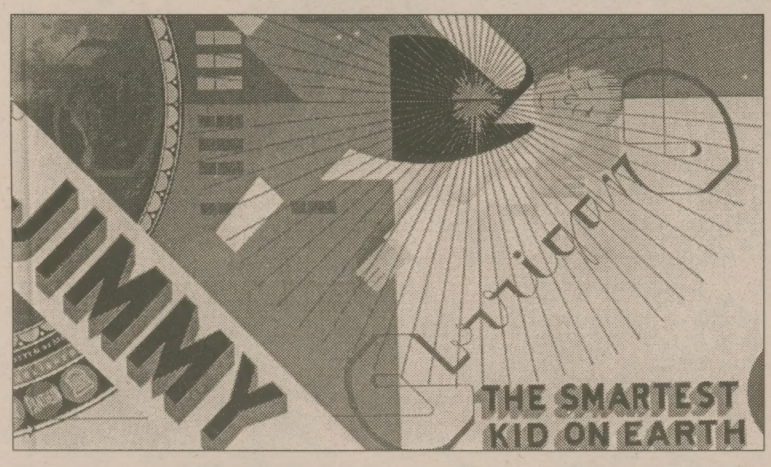
Ware gets graphic

Jimmy Corrigan, the Smartest Kid on Earth
Chris Ware
Random House



Finally finished the agonizing, horribly depressing tale of *Jimmy Corrigan: the Smartest Kid on Earth*, by Chris Ware. It's a graphic novel, or big comic book, that has received glowing reviews from the likes of *Time Magazine*, *Wired*, *the New York Times* and Matt Groening. Corrigan has become hard not to attend to, much like your grandma's funeral or having the flu.

At first narratively and graphically confusing–19th century flashbacks, dreamscapes, elaborate schematic family trees, paper cut-outs, minute print–the novel traces the suffocating reunion between a hopelessly lonesome, shy, defeatist protagonist and his estranged dead-beat dad.

This 380-pager, Ware's first full-length feature and a self-proclaimed semi-auto-bio account, is infused with a meticulously obsessive attention to not just pictorial, but character-building detail in a genre known more for the former than the latter. Graphic novels are a genre that, one could say, has been emerging for decades, a genre that authors like Ware could supplant from the literary margins of your Johnson Street Dungeons and Dragons shop to your English Lit class.

Ware's not drawing in entirely new territory, however. Art Spiegelman took the typically "low" art of the comic and tackled a family's survival of the Holocaust in his *Maus* series, taking home a '92 Pulitzer for it. Manga, the Japanese genre equivalent, has always crossed the boundaries of age/content/form with mass appeal. Some estimates account Manga for 40–60 per cent of all publications in Japan, producing everything from critically acclaimed series (see *Akira*) to the porno mags often perused by Japanese businessmen on the metro.

But Ware, a 37-year-old American who authored the popular *Acme Novelty Library* series of children's guidebooks, seems to be at the forefront of the West's graphic novel movement. *Jimmy Corrigan*, a collection of continuing strips he published over a period of seven years, is eloquent and bitter in prose. Its characters embody more than their 2-D representations: harsh, livid racists, sexists, misogynists and bastard fathers.

And then the narrative pieces begin to fit from the thousands of dense panels, earlier fantasies explained and justified. The 19th century segments are particularly moving: a sepia-toned, innocent kid waits dutifully for the school bullies or his father to beat him, smelling "The familiar sniff of his own kneecaps which always proceeds any punishment."

Or the verbose and bitter catalogue descriptions of an ignorant and sprawling Middle America town, "its broad sweep of power lines, the delicate articulation of poles, signs, and warning lights, and the deep forest of advertisements all conspire to occasion countless views of complicated beauty."

Yes, *Jimmy Corrigan* is heavy with self-exploratory existential angst. This is clear even on the page of definitions, *Corrigenda*: "Lonely: The permanent state of being for all humans, despite any efforts to the contrary."

Like getting sick or burying a loved one, I certainly wouldn't want to go through it again. But eventually you feel healthier and more alive for having done so.

–Jeff Werner

Comic books, and their readers, have definitely grown up.

Beyond magazine-sized stories about spandex-clad musclemen beating the pulp out of equally ridiculous bad guys, the graphic novel is now fast becoming recognized as a unique medium which blends the worlds of literature and visua arts into an entirely new narrative format.

Originally released in 2000, F.C. Ware's *Jimmy Corrigan, The Smartest Kid on Earth* is an award-winning collection of graphic novel genius. It is a multi-generational tale of a somewhat pathetic 36-year-old man who dreams wistfully of getting girls and freeing himself from his domineering mother–whom he phones at least once a day. The theme of a depressed loner is nothing new in the comic book world, as anyone who's ever read (or seen) Harvey Pekar's *American Splendour* clearly knows, but *Jimmy Corrigan* is perhaps the most innovative graphic novel that has appeared in a long time.

First published in instalments as part of the author's *Acme Novelty Library* in 1994, *Jimmy Corrigan* took over seven years in the making. This highly original work constantly breaks new ground. It directly engages readers with a complex, winding, sometimes confusing narrative flow and provides tight control over the story's narrative pacing.

This is enriched by myriad paper cut-outs, complex character genealogies and collectable trading cards. Incredibly rich colours are combined with a meticulous attention to detail. Pages of pure text are contrasted with one-page panels of cityscapes, which display an agonizing degree of detail and architectural accuracy.

The characters, however, maintain a simple cartoonish style which creates an odd distancing effect for the reader. Jimmy's world is one which is familiar, yet strangely fantastic at the same time.

The story revolves around the theme of father-son estrangement, presented over four generations of Corrigans. Jumping seamlessly between the contemporary Chicago of Jimmy, and that of his grandfather–also named Jimmy–100 years before, Ware grounds his story with the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. This setting provides a metaphor for the modernization of American society, and the sometimes tragic consequences of progress.

Jimmy Corrigan must be read and seen to be appreciated. While at times depressing, this is not a story without hope, nor indeed, humour. Beyond the engaging story, however, is the mind-boggling richness and complexity of the graphic presentation. Read this book, and find out what comics can be.

– Michael Ryan

Open your fuzzy eyes to film!

PROVIDED PHOTO

***Spreadable*, a compilation of student videos, is being presented at Cinecenta on April 5 at 2:30 p.m. It will feature everything from animation to music videos. And don't be wary of *Spreadable* because you fear many ass-numbing hours of pretentious, shoddily made, crappy student films. Curator Kristina West says it's tailor-made for those with short attention spans. (Above: a still from *piss happy* by Lauren Marsden.)**

Chet worth beer

BY VANESSA NEUMAN

Patrick Beattie sounds amazingly and surprisingly relaxed, just like the music his band plays.

In addition to being the organist and one of two guitarists and vocalists for the band Chet, he's also a member of the band Lakeboat, plays in Birdsongs of Canada–with his brother and fellow member of Chet, Ryan Beattie–and is heavily involved with Victoria's 50-50 Arts Collective.

In fact the entire band sounds busy. Cellist Hank Pine collaborates with local musician Lily Fawn, and the rest of Chet can sometimes be seen helping to play during the other bands' sets.

Ryan came up with the name Chet more as a spur of the moment thing than anything else. The members of the band didn't expect it to be a long term project, but a year and a half later what had started as two brothers jamming in their friend–and future Chet drummer–Allison Therriault's basement, has kept going. It should be pointed out that Therriault had not, at that point, ever played drums before.

Now, with one album released, another recorded and material for a third already fermenting in the members' heads it looks like Chet is going to be anything but short lived.

Playing what Beattie loosely terms slow melodic pop, Chet has joined the long line of Victoria bands that are producing excellent music, all with original sounds.

"I think it's excellent that there's such diversity here in Victoria," says Beattie. "And also that the audience is into such a large variety of music."

So, why should you take time out of the beer garden at this Saturday's Grad party to go and see Chet's show? Well, *Monday Magazine*'s Calendar writer Bill Stuart refers to them as his favourite Victoria band in almost every one of their show listings.

"I don't know [why]," quips Patrick Beattie. "Maybe he is a sucker for depressing, yet melodic music."

Joking aside, they sound pretty damned flattered that they've been singled out for such recognition, and to do them proper justice their sound is much more than that. Their album *The Tiger is in the Window* showcases their songwriting talent–clean, clear sound–and their own brand of what could be loosely thought of as slow, smooth pop-rock.

But if Stuart's endorsement or your own curiousity about their sound isn't quite enough to tear you away from the beer garden to check them out, the Grad Party in general is, as Beattie kindly pointed out, "a chance to see interesting [bands] from Victoria that you may have previously missed because you were buried in homework."

In addition to the Grad party, Chet will also play a show for CBC Radio 3 on April 24 at Second Story Books.

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PETE LEWIS PHOTO

A hive of Vikes rugby players swarm a member of the Castway Wanderers last weekend at Wallace field. The Vikes won the game 36–19.

Playoff road runs through Bayside

BY BRYNA HALLAM

The reigning provincial champion UVic men's rugby squad is gearing up to defend their Premiere league title. After two strong showings in the last two weeks, the Vikes are primed for some playoff action.

In a match up of the last two provincial champions, the fifth ranked Vikes took on the seventh place Castaway Wanderers at Wallace Field last Sunday. The Vikes walked away with a 36–19 win.

A week earlier, the squad lost a close game to the top-ranked Pacific Pride, in a match coach Doug Tate characterized as "hard hitting."

Since the Pacific Pride–essentially the under-23 Canadian team–do not take part in the playoffs, the Vikes are actually in fourth position heading into the post-season.

And with only one makeup game left before playoffs, Tate is confident his team is ready for the challenge. Their goal is to gain home field advantage for round one and then move forward to the finals on April 24.

"The team has been playing very well," said Tate. "It will be very important that we stay healthy."

The Vikes have a key game on April 3 against White Rock's Bayside. If they win, they get home field advantage against Bayside in the first round of the playoffs. If they lose, it means a trip to White Rock.

The last time they played, in February, UVic beat Bayside 19–10. In a press release, team manager Ian Cruickshank called the match a "defensive struggle as both teams attempted to play a wide, fast-paced game."

"Bayside has been out of the playoffs lately and will be hungry to win," said Tate. He believes defense will be essential for the team to move beyond the first round.

"It will be important to focus on not taking too many penalties," said Tate. "Bayside has a good goal kicker and it could change the outlook of the game if we get in penalty trouble."

The squad has had problems with penalties recently. While playing the Boot Game against UBC two weeks ago the Thunderbirds nearly turned the match around by capitalizing on Vikes penalties.

Tate also believes that the squad has youth on its side–a factor that could work in their favour as they face senior men's teams in the league. "We have fitness and speed," he said. "We are a very agile team that is very fit."

The Vikes are also looking forward to the return of their three national team players on April 4. Matt Cohen, Mike Danskin and Dave Moonlight are playing for Canada's national seven's team in Singapore.

Vikes honoured at Athletic banquet

The top Vikes athletes of the past academic year were honoured Monday night at a swanky banquet full of ridiculously fit people in really nice clothes in the Empress' Crystal Ballroom. Surrounded by a crowd that included Graduate Student Society President Basil Alexander and other UVic dignitaries, the following awards were given out:

President's Award
Krystal O'Byrne, Basketball

Outstanding Athlete: Male
Ed Fairhurst, Rugby

Outstanding Athlete: Female
Stephanie Dixon, Swimming

Chancellors Award
Regan Daly, Basketball

University Sport Award: Male
Todd Halpen, Golf

University Sport Award: Female
Lauren Maclean, Field Hockey

Provost Award for Excellence
Student athlete with the highest academic average
Michal Osusky, Basketball.

Robert T. Wallace Award
Rookie of the year
Terry McKall, Rowing

Outstanding Manager
Cat Papadakos, Rowing

Martlet Athletic Award
Ian Cruickshank, Rugby

Publisher's award
Community volunteer
Kevin Brechin, Soccer

GORDON LEE PHOTOGRAPHY PHOTO

Krystal O'Byrne poses with the President's award Monday night at the UVic Athletics award banquet.

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Sports briefs

Soccer

Vikes on wrong end of Disney-like endings

The men's and women's finals of last weekend's Keg cup soccer tournament played out like a pair of cockle-stirring Disney sports epics. The women's match ended in a Mighty Ducks-esque shoot-out, while the men's game finished with a last minute goal reminiscent of nothing if not the stirring end to Air Bud.

Unfortunately for UVic fans, both Vikes teams were cast in the villain's role–on the wrong end of the last minute heroics.

The men's team entered Sunday's final against the Trinity Western Spartans at Centennial Stadium still high from a 3–2 victory the day before over the SFU Clan.

Sunday's game was scoreless until the 88th minute, when the Spartan's Josh McCaig found enough mesh to send the home team to the showers.

The women's final was, if possible, even closer. The Vikes made a game of it against a Bridges 11 team made up of players from the women's U19 and senior national programs, holding the star laden squad to a 1–1 tie after 105 minutes of playing time. Unfortunately for the Vikes the Bridges team had a little more of Joshua Jackson's Charlie Conway magic and won the shoot-out 5–4.

Carey Gustafson scored for the Vikes in the loss.

Rugby

Numbers game catches up to Vikes

Fourteen is very rarely as good as 15. Fourteen cookies will only feed 14 babies, while 15 can sate one more. Similarly, 14 rugby players will only very rarely beat 15.

Thus did math slay the Vikes women's rugby team last weekend against Vancouver's Meralomas. Ravaged, savaged, battered and bruised by injury, the Vikes were only able to field 14 players for 35 minutes of the playoff game. Not surprisingly, they lost. 17–0.

Rowing

UBC really not that good at rowing

If I had lost 13 straight times, I might think about changing tactics. Of course I am not the head coach of the UBC rowing program.

The hapless boat people from across the strait were in town last weekend for their annual thrashing at the Brown Cup.

Predictably UVic's Varsity Men's 8 thumped the Thunderbirds in the 2.8 km race, finishing nearly 16 seconds ahead of the UBC boat to capture their 13th consecutive Brown Cup.

The Varsity Women's 8 were similarly triumphant, snagging their 12th straight Brown.

The Vikes completed the sweep as the Men's and Women's reserve 8s and the Women's novice 8 all rowed to victory.

–Richard Warnica